

# SECRET



M A G A Z I N E

**Issue N°17**

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Where did she  
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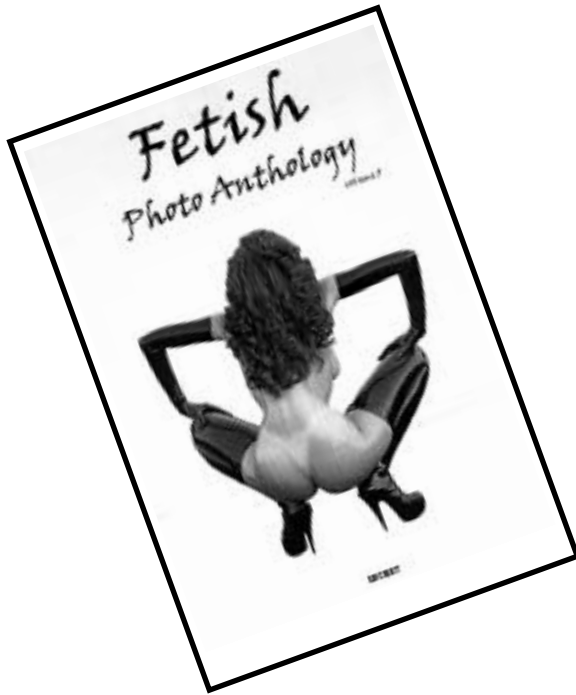
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pictures by Housk Randall - Goddard**



# The one and only!! Fetish Photo Anthology volume 3

Secret editions are proud to announce the long-awaited book with the world's best Fetish photographers. This third volume is the best ever with over 320 pages, perfect casebound hardback in striking black and white photography. There is also a limited edition.

What is the Fetish Photo Anthology? It's the one and only bible of Fetish Photography. In it you will find not only the best Fetish photographers now working and producing some of the best works ever seen, but also all the names, addresses, telephone numbers, emails of the photographers themselves. Also, art galleries, editors of Fetish books, publishers and a complete list of the latest books.

Due to the fact that other publishers have decided to produce Fetish books and anthologies like ours, we have been forced to print only 2000 copies. You can order it at your regular **SECRET** salespoint or directly from **SECRET**. To do this, send us your full name, address with your creditcard or payment (no cheques please) to this address:

**SECRET Magazine**  
**P.O.Box 1400**  
**1000 Brussels 1**  
**Belgium**

Creditcard orders by phone: +. 32.2.2.223.09.14

- by fax: +32.2.223.10.09

- by email: [secretmag@glo.be](mailto:secretmag@glo.be)

Prices: Europe: 2000BF/100DM/£35

Other countries & USA: us\$ 60

Limited edition: clothcover, silverprint, 100 handnumbered and signed. Price: 4000 BF/200 DM/£65/100 US\$

Postage Europe: 450FB - Other countries & USA: 700BF





Backcover picture by Jacques Leurquin taken from the new Bijoux Intimes, N°3 catalogue. Available from SECRET and Boutique Minuit - Price: 300BF/50FF/10us\$/15DM

# Editorial

First of all: I wish you all good health, lot's of rubber, leather and good fun for 2000!

Many new projects are being realised while you read this, the new **FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY** is out, and you should get your copy immediatly, because it's one hell of a book! I'm also finishing another artbook: **EXTREME**, with some very hard S&M pictures. It's a 1000 limited edition with all the fetish photographers who show us their "dark side". No fancy posing here. Suspension, bondage, fist, blood & knives, needles,...not for the faint hearted. In conjunction with **Boutique MINUIT**, we published the new **BIJOUX INTIMES** catalogue and are also doing a very stylish fetish-shoe-artbook and a new fetish artbook-catalogue with Christophe Mourthé. For those who missed the first catalogue we did together, we still have some left. Order it before it becomes a "collector's item". Secret and **Sandra Jensen** are getting together... oh yes!, to do her new book: **BLACK FACTORY**. So as you can see, we have been busy!!!

In fact, Secret has decided to publish more and more on small artbooks with our own photographers, so you are able to see their full work.

We have arranged co-operation with **JG-Leathers** and **Michael Manning**, who will contribute to the next issues. We are also working on a "special art / comix issue", so anyone who is an expert on artists like Stanton, Willie, Crepax, ....., get in contact with us. We need some help here! If you are a new artist, then this is the time to take your pen and write us.

Editorials are very often preaching ones, so I'll leave you alone for a while... ok? Take a punishing position and just imagine what I could have said...blablabla...~smiles.

Another great event is that I will become a father (again) in the beginning of May 2000. She or he is to be born on the day the planets align in one line. Even if Nostradamus predicted the end of the world, for me it will be the beginning of a new life.

Thank you for being there.

Jürgen Boedt  
editor

~~Fetish is being a slave of your own creation.~~

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1, part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Jürgen Boedt, publisher, at the office of the Publisher; Galerie du Centre, Bloc 2, office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

Secret Magazine is published by Glitter Sprl, Galerie du Centre, Bureau 201, Bloc 2, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. No mail please.

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All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

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1000 Brussels 1  
Belgium

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with \*.tif files on PC compatible disks. Also, Fetish Photo Anthology volume 3 is now finally being prepared, but you will all receive a contribution form, so watch out your letter box!

Shops and stores! We need to find better distribution, so if you want to order directly from us, please do so! If anybody out there knows somebody good, then please write....

Overseas dealers: Centurian (USA): 1.714.971.9877 - Last Gasp (USA): 1.415.824.6626 - ZRF (Germany): 49.634.29671 - SCALA (Holland): 31.20.682.86.00 - Australia: Kaysers: 61.2.9517.9299 - Wiwa (Germany): 49.221.253115

# News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt

## The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline by John Willie

Belier Press, with Mr. J.B. Rund as mastermind, has published a new edition of "The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline" but with six cartoon adventure serials including an unfinished and unpublished forty page story by John Willie, a selection of illustrations done for Robert Harrison, an unpublished self-portrait of the Artist, a CD with John Willie singing (?) and a monologue etc. This is one of the major happenings of the new millennium. There are two editions; a "regular" (50 US\$) and a "deluxe" edition (150 US\$) plus postage. Contact Belier Press, P.O.Box 1234, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113, USA. Mention Secret please.



## Leather and Power

The ad for Rover in Elle of the 14 June 1999 has more fetish icons than certain fetish magazines. Its title was:

"One can love leather and power!" Again, a proof of how "fetish" has become a powerful weapon for advertising campaigns especially from the British. Jolly well done you guys...

## BDSM club "El Establo"

...Received an explanatory letter in Spanish but as I don't read Spanish I didn't understand much. What I did get, is that this club has taken on a new direction and is situated at this address: P.O.Box 508 29640 Fuengirola, Espana.



## Fruit of the Secret God

"We are all prisoners of our childhood"

Many photographers have tried to mingle theatre and eroticism and sometimes even fetish, the morbid and so on. Rare are those who succeed in doing so; amongst these few are: Guy Lemaire, Witkin, Gilles Berquet and now John Santerineross. Maybe it's not strictly a book about fetishism but it's an absolute beauty. It contains pictures depicting his dreams, with two girls chained embracing and others tied up naked holding a plastic doll probably

representing the Christ. I've known his work for quite some time now and have published him on several occasions, but to see his own produced book with its hand-coloured, duo-toned artwork is an absolute eye-opener. See more in this issue.... You know me, I don't give compliments easily, so in order for you to share in this excellent publication I have bought some from the photographers as the book will not be on sale in your local bookstore, unless you live in New Jersey or in the Bronx. So, if you've seen the pictures in other SECRET editions and you like what you see, send us 2000 BF/ 100 DM/ £35/ 340 FF/ in cash or your creditcard, and become the owner of a book that has a special place on my bookshelf. I hope you too will cherish and maybe love it. Secret, P.O.Box, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.

## FETISH

When one has a good idea it's hard to keep it before somebody else tries to copy it. (read steal it) When a big player like Carlton books put their teeth in "fetish photography" there is hardly anything one can do, especially when you're alone, small and harmful like me... (snif, sniff) Well, Carlton books has brought out a book called FETISH, (how original!) edited by Skin Two's Tony Mitchell with the best "Skin Two favourite" photographers. It's in colour and quite good..... Despite the fact that the European edition mixed-up the cover with Günter Blum's AKT and that the content is highly risky for the British market, I must applaud this try. Well done.... even if I kinda feel robbed of one of my original ideas and concepts. There are three different covers for the same content and maybe that's a bit much for one book, but only you the readers can decide? Anyhow, don't let that stop you ordering my new Fetish Photo Anthology volume 3...!!! It's not in colour, but it's much better....





## Northern Fetish Fairs in England

Where other organisations are falling by the way side the Northern Fetish Fair is going from strength to strength with the announcement of dates for next year as follows: March 12, June 11, September 10 and December 10 2000.

Mailing address: c/o Daxine, 395 Bury New Road, Prestwich, M25 1AW  
Stall booking, Info-line / Fax : 0161 773 9979

E-mail : [myster.y@virgin.net](mailto:myster.y@virgin.net)

Mention Secret when you contact these guys/girls...OK? Hmm, good doggy...~smiles



## The Human Sculpture

Ever since Fakir Musafar and friends got together and started to reproduce their rituals including the insertion into the body of all kinds of needles, their followers or disciples have grown immensely over the years. I received these beautiful pictures by e-mail from Gerry A. Witbeck, a member of the "Human Sculpture" group. There wasn't much information on the group and their activities, but it seems they have done several representations of hook suspension, bondage, etc.... You can email him on: [sculptor@teleport.com](mailto:sculptor@teleport.com)

## Fetish Smoking

A reader here in Belgium has asked me to do some research on "fetish smoking". I have heard about it but never paid it much attention, because I thought it was a passing fad, but now with these restrictions in the USA about cigarettes, there is more and more interest in girls smoking. Anyone who has more information about this new "fetish", please contact SECRET magazine and we will forward any interesting stuff to our reader here. Mention "Didier" if you can..OK?

## Ectomorph

Ectomorph is to fetish fashion as Microsoft is to computers, innovation. They broke boundaries with excellent catalogues (shot by Trevor Watson), broke boundaries on cutting, gluing, etc. It's a household name. They now have a website: [www.ectomorph.com](http://www.ectomorph.com)..... so, if you want to do some cyber-shopping...you know where to go.



## NAKED STEEL

When I look at a picture I can usually tell whose work it is, this is especially true of Gunter Blum, he has a way with light, detail and models and in only a few years he has become one of the very best fetish photographers. EPS has brought out an excellent book on his work called "Naked Steel". Contact: The Erotic Print Society, P.O.Box 2712, London W1A 5AY, England. Tel: 207.437.35.28..35.28. Price for the limited edition: £75

## The Tranny Guide

Who is interested in everything that goes with transvestites, trannies, etc...? Well, this excellent guide will tell you all. Contact: The Wayout Publishing C°. Ltd., P.O.Box 70, Enfield EN1 2AR, England. [www.wayout-publishing.com](http://www.wayout-publishing.com)

## Boundary

Chris, of Italian origin, now settled in London, is one of the new fetish artists who is keeping alive the real art. One of the disciples of Bill Ward he specialises in high heels, big busts, good bondage and last but not least stocking and foot fetishes. This first book/magazine is a retrospective of his best work. Undoubtedly a piece of art, this will be a very sought-after book. If I were you, I would write ASAP to: Den Mart Publishing UK, 1st Floor, Stanhope House, High Street, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, SS17 0HA, England and order "Boundary". It's fun, it has everything the fetishist is looking for. Price: £10



## Vero-over, Fetish I

What I like most about people is the willpower to keep on going when all

is against them. You need guts and luck. Well, Veronique has guts, because she launched herself with this magnificent catalogue (pictures by Christophe Mourthé!), an incredible show at the Salon Sexy in Brussels with over 25 fetish models and a calendar 2000 (see more in this issue) and a brand new collection. This is THE catalogue of the year 2000. Get it from: Vero-Over, Kolksteeg 2, 1012 PT Amsterdam, Holland. Email: info@vero-over.com



## Les Garçonnes by Eddy Bolly

You know me, I'm lost when it comes to good photography... and I'm glad that Eddy Bolly came to see me one good morning with his new book: "Les Garçonnes". It's probably a great "ode to Helmut Newton", but the way it's done gives all credit to the photographer. He didn't steal, he just continued where the master left off. It's about girls dressing up as boys, smoking cigars and cigarettes etc..... To cut a beautiful story short, order this! It's a limited edition produced by the photographer himself and it has fabulous photography... and I rarely say this... Contact: Eddy Bolly, Bld. Piercot 10, bte 6, 4000 Liège, Belgium. Mention Secret! Highly recommended.



## Shiny Magazine

They were one of the first to publish "fetish" orientated magazines, and the trademark of housewives dressing up in rubber and high heels is unbeatable. To be honest, it's not always of the highest class and the pictures are blunt and not particularly stylish. In this issue Sandra Jensen salvages a great deal, but the other pages are close to plain "soft porn". Other interesting titles are "Domand" and "Kinky". But I cannot see much difference between the magazines, except for their names...Shiny and DFP/Rubberist are £10. (the most interesting) The others only £5. (postage £2) All orders to: G & M Fashions, P.O.Box 42, Romford, Essex, RM1 2ED, England.



## Twilight Magazine

This magazine is one of my favourites despite the fact that it's written in German and that my idea of producing two covers, the back one upside down has been copied from us. Never-the-less, it's highly professional and very complete with information on books, magazines, clubs, parties, info-groups. The special portfolio Jo Hammar did for this one is excellent. If your German is good, then this must be one of the magazines to subscribe. Get it at: Sachs&Goets Media Shop, Monumentenstr. 19, 10965 Berlin, Germany. Price: 29.80DM.



## Desnudos Contemporaneos 2

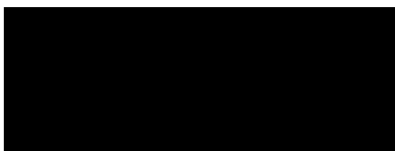


This is definitely one of the best anthologies I have encountered these last years. It has excellent printing quality and it's heavy mat art paper gives it a great look. The choice of pictures are excellent. It's very, very erotic and fetishistic and even if some of the names of the photographers are new to you, don't hesitate to order the book. We have 30 copies here in the Secret offices and they are yours for only 1650 BF (about 825.5DM/45 US\$). Order it at: Secret, P.O.Box 1400, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium. (cash or creditcard)



## Femmes Machines

Pictures by J. De Merlin, edited by Alixe. These publications specialise in high quality, pocketsize art books, with excellent black & white photography. After Pornart 1 & 2, this new "Femmes Machines" is an excellent production. It includes, heavy breast bondage with sucking cups and machinery exploring every inch of the tortured female body... The female body becomes part of the scenery the photographer has set up, the artefacts are intentional and the lighting is exquisite. Available from specialised libraries and from the Musardine, 122 Rue du Chemin vert, 75011 Paris, France. Price: 200 FF



## Encore

A good fetish contacts magazine but badly printed on newspaper. Discipline, crossdressing, bondage, good ads for limited edition books and calendars. It's good. Get it from Pathway Com, 2980, E. McKinley Ave. #143, Fresno, CA 93703, USA.

## Boundary

This is a collector's item, even before being printed! Chris, artist and cartoonist has a style that is close to the great artists of the 50's. This "magazine" has excellent bondage art, his fetish for high heels and stockings is palpable, his eye for detail is excellent and he will become one of the great artists of this new millennium. Published by Den Mart Publishing U.K., 1st floor, Stanhope House, High street, Stanford-le-hope, Essex SS17 0HA, England. Price: £10. (I know, I know, I already did a review, but then again, who's perfect..?)



## Samanta catalogue

This fetish shop has a lot to offer: corsets, wigs, silicon prostheses for the transvestite, high heeled shoes and so on. This small, but excellent catalogue shows off their collection well. Samanta Mode, Kamener Strasse 204, 59077 Hamm, Germany. [Http://www.samanta.de](http://www.samanta.de)



## Whap!

It's edited by "Retro Systems" and that about sums it up. The layout, the text are all in retro style. It's very good indeed... Contents include how to "whip him into marriage material" and how women are the absolute masters of this blue planet. I agree that men should worship women, but this is one-way-traffic. Well, apart from that, you will find good ads for diapers, sissy pants, spanking brushes and so on. If this is your kink, get it from: Retro Systems, P.O.Box 69491, Los

Angeles, CA 90069, USA.  
www.whapmag.com



### Bijoux Intimes 3

Secret and Boutique MINUIT have joined forces again and produced this high quality catalogue on erotic jewellery which doesn't require any piercing. Photographed by the famous Jacques Leurquin, it reflects superbly the high quality jewellery as well as metal collars, rings and ankle bands. Order it from: Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Price: 300BF/15DM



### Sylvie Monthulé

She has been creating these intimate "bijoux erotiques" for some years now and again Boutique Minuit is one of her exclusive agents. Here, you can find labia rings crafted from chains and studded with pearls and you don't need to be pierced for both you and your partner to enjoy the experience.

### Club Bizarre

They have found a new venue which is located on a boat at the Oosterdokskade. There is plenty of parking space and fully equipped playrooms, a dressing room, DJs, bar and much more. Check out DeMask, Zeedijk 64, Amsterdam, Holland for party dates. Te: 020.620.56.034

### Belgium Fetish scene

#### Arkel Body Art

Good piercing studio and art gallery. Passage Saint Honoré 16, 1000 Brussels, Belgium.

#### Boutique Minuit

Excellent fetish store that has everything (and more) you can dream of. Situated in the old centre of Brussels. 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: +32.(0)2.223.09.14 - Fax: +32.(0)2.223.10.09

#### Jaybird

This store specialises in fetish and S&M books and videos. If there's something you are looking for, then you'll find it here. Rue Scailquin 51, 1210 Brussels, Belgium. tel: 32.(0)2.219.80.07

#### Moda-Moda

Bar - restaurant where you can go to eat and relax dressed in your favourite outfit. Food is good but sometimes the attending public isn't dressed up enough...343, Che. de Waterloo, 1060 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: 02.537.69.19

#### Dominatrix

The best thing to do is to buy a small guide, or a newspaper when you are in Brussels as they advertise openly. As they also change very often, we don't publish their addresses or contacts. But we do have some very good ones....~grin

Get your copy of the new  
**FETISH PHOTO  
ANTHOLOGY  
Volume 3 now !!!!**



### Trevor Baker

Top fetish photographer has "fetish greeting cards". (\$3 each or \$20 for eight different cards). He also does mainstream to bizarre photography, commercial or private and has an excellent website: [www.fetishimages.com](http://www.fetishimages.com). You can also contact him on this address: Trevor Baker, P.O.Box 261215, Encino, CA, 91426, USA. [photoTrev@aol.com](mailto:photoTrev@aol.com)



### Domina Nº 8

One of the better English fetish magazines. In this excellent issue you will find : piercing without tears, pictures by Trevor Watson and a mistress and slave manual Write to: Domina, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3xx, England . Price: £10





# Günter Blum



The death of Günter Blum in 1997 was a great shock. After the excellent book **VENUS**, the Erotic Print Society has brought out a book on his lifework, called **NAKED STEEL**. If you like what you see here, then get in contact with: **The Erotic Print Society**, P.O.Box 2712, London W1A 5AY, England. Tel: 207.437.35.28. The limited edition is £80.... Copyright: Sylvie Neubauer



# Bizarre Rubber by DeMask





# Bizarre Rubber

DeMask, run mainly by Steve English, is one of the most important rubber clothing manufacturers in the world. They have a vast range of masks, clothing for men and women, but also bondage and watersport equipment, made from the finest rubber by the best craftsmen. It is no surprise that the DeMask rubber collection is one of the best in the world.

The catalogue "Bizarre Rubber", entirely photographed by Housk Randall, is a real masterpiece. Housk Randall has the skill to show you the beautiful clothing DeMask is able to make. It's a world you can only live if you know what rubber is all about, and Steve English knows his business. In the next few pages are just a few examples of pictures of this excellent catalogue. If you would like to order a copy, please refer to our mail-order section.

DeMask, Zeedijk 64, Amsterdam, Holland.







# Bizarre Rubber



# Bizarre Rubber

photos  
by Housk Randall- Goddard





# THE GIFT

By Michelle Wilson

It was Christmas Eve. It was dark and still outside. We were sitting by the fire. It was warm and cosy in our little house. The smell of fresh pine drifted from the Christmas tree. We were on the low, curved love seat. I was in your lap; my head was nuzzled in your neck. Your sweet embrace made me feel sleepy and protected. I was naked save for a t-strap ecru silk camisole. You were in soft flannel pyjama bottoms. Your strong chest was bare and I pressed my silk clad breasts against it.

"I have a small present for you, my love," you whispered in my ear. I looked at you inquiringly. "Just a little Christmas Eve gift for my little Eve," you said, grinning. I smiled and waited. You lifted me gently off of your lap and set me on the sofa beside you. You reached behind a cushion and pulled out a small gold-wrapped package. You handed it to me and nodded slightly. I took it, delighted, and quickly tore off the foil. I opened the box, expecting a piece of jewellery. What I found wasn't exactly jewellery, though it did look rather pretty nestled there against the black velvet lining. I lifted it up somewhat hesitantly and held it before my eyes. It was a pair of nipple clamps! But these were not ordinary clamps. They seemed to be wrought of sterling silver.

You smiled and said, "Do you like them? I had them made just for you, my beloved. See they are of the purest silver, for your sweet breasts. No unsightly rubber to mar the tips. You are beyond needing such coddling anyway. You are my fully trained little slave, are you not?"

My lips felt dry. I licked them with my tongue and answered,

"I - I - I hope so, my darling Master."

"You seem hesitant, love. Let us put it to the test then." With that, you lifted my silk camisole over my head. My breasts bounced free. My nipples were already erect from the anticipation of the sweet bite of those silver clips. You quickly attached first one and then the other, barely giving me time to adjust to the tension. I gasped, a sharp little intake of breath, but made no other protest. You cupped my breasts then and lifted them slightly. You looked at your handiwork, head slightly cocked, and seemed pleased.

"And now, my sweet little slave, I have a really big surprise for you. Hold out your hand, palm upturned and close your eyes." I did so, heart pounding, with no idea of what you had in mind. I felt something-metal drop into my hand. "You may open your eyes," you said. When I did I saw another pair of clamps, just like mine, but of a light steel. I looked at you, eyebrows raised in question.

"These are for another," you said, "and that is your surprise. Come with me."

You stood and lifted the chain between my breasts. I arose and followed you, trying to keep pace so the tension on the chain would not increase. We climbed the stairs and went down the hall to the far guest bedroom. You dropped my chain. You knocked quietly and opened the door. You gestured for me to enter. I did so, very curious and also suddenly aware I was about to encounter someone while completely naked except for a delicate pair of silver clamps attached to the tips of my breasts. Instinctively I covered my body with my arms. You were right behind me. Quickly you reached around and took my wrists and placed my arms at my sides. I flushed but did not resist.

The room was lit only by a dozen or so candles placed here and there. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light I saw there on the high four poster bed a young woman, also naked. She was sitting cross-legged and straight-backed.



© Photographer - Lex paris - USA



Her head was down. She hadn't looked up as we had entered. Her entire demeanour bespoke someone well trained indeed, certainly far better than I!

"Look at her," you said to me.

"Isn't she lovely?" I looked, and in spite of my rising jealousy, I couldn't help but agree. To her you said, "Stand up and present yourself." The young woman slipped quickly off the bed and stood before us. She put her arms up, elbows back, fingers interlaced behind her head. What you referred to as my 'stand at attention' position. She kept her eyes on the floor. Her back was arched, causing her pretty little breasts to thrust outward. Her colouring was darker than mine was; her nipples were a pale mocha, her skin a lovely olive and cream. My eyes travelled down her flat stomach and her narrow hips. Her mons was completely bare. Her strong legs were appropriately spread which left me with a fairly clear view of her labia. All of this I took in an instant, feeling a number of conflicting emotions. I found her beautiful, in her boyish way, yet I was jealous of her youth and hardness.

"My beloved," you said to me, "this is Elise. She is here for our pleasure tonight. She is your Christmas present for a day. Do you like her?" I didn't know what to say. But I found my tongue since you had asked me a direct question.

"Yes sir, she is lovely."

"Not as lovely as you," you whispered and I felt a happy warmth creep into my cheeks. I smiled up at you and then looked down.

"You may claim her for me," you said to me. "Would you like to clamp those sweet little nipples?" I was taken aback by this question. I remembered suddenly the set of clamps in my fist, now hot from being clenched. I opened my

hand and slowly walked toward her, aware anew of my own still aching nipples. I felt very unsure. I didn't know if I would have the courage to do this. You had only asked this of me. You had not demanded it. And yet I lived to please you. And I was certain this was what you desired. I stopped in front of her. She raised her head and looked at me. She had close-cropped dark hair and startlingly green eyes flanked by dark thick lashes. Her lips were full and clearly made for kissing. I was surprised at my own rising desire for this woman. I had only been with men until now. Tentatively I brushed her nipples with my fingers, causing them to stiffen to attention. She smiled very slightly and looked me right in the eyes. I raised the clamps to her breasts. I carefully placed first one and then the other on her pert little nipples. She didn't so much as flinch. I stood back then, feeling quite proud of my small accomplishment.

"Very good," you said.

"Elise!"

"Sir," she said in a low voice.

"Please get on your hands and knees and prepare for your whipping." Elise at once dropped where she was on the oriental carpet and pressed her forehead to the ground. With her ass raised up high she looked very inviting.

"Elise's master likes her to be whipped daily. She must receive at least 50 lashes. Even when on loan to another." I noticed then the fresh welts on her buttocks and thighs, and the faint criss cross beneath evidencing continued discipline. I was staring, I realised, fascinated. Unconsciously I reached down and touched my own body, glad my master was a gentle one.

"Slave!" I heard you say. "Slave, I am speaking to you! Pay attention!"





"Oh!" I jumped, startled. I blushed, realising I had been caught in a reverie.

"Forgive me, my Master. I am listening."

"That's better," you said. "Now. I want you to administer the whipping. My arm is tired."

I was stunned. Me? Wield a whip? No, oh no! I couldn't possibly strike another. I lacked the skill! I might hurt her. As if reading my thoughts you said, "Tell me, whose hands are those?" In a dream I answered as I always do, "Yours, my Master."

"You can do it, darling. You remember your lessons. Now is your chance to put them to use." I took a deep breath and looked down at this submissive woman, waiting patiently for the kiss of the lash. I drew back and let the lash drop against her flesh.

"Thirty three!" she said in a low voice. I wondered at this, then realised that she must be required to keep count of her whippings for the day. Thirty three...seventeen to go then. I tried to mentally prepare. She looked so vulnerable and open there waiting for my lash.

"Thirty four! Thirty five!" I began to get into a kind of rhythm. I find myself becoming almost exhilarated. She made no other sound or movement, just the counting. I wanted to make her flinch, or cry out. Part of me was shocked at my own pleasure in the power. But mostly I just wanted to move her, to reach her in some way. I stopped for a moment.

"Please, " I whispered to you. "may I touch Elise?"

"You may do just exactly as you wish. She is yours...for now."

"Thank you." I put the whip down then. I crouched behind her. I touched her hot flesh. I had done this! Her skin was reddened on her ass and thighs. Her breathing was ragged and uneven. Her chest was heaving. Gently I

touched her body, feeling the heat, tracing the slight welts with my fingers. She pressed back into me. I wondered if you had noticed. You would not have tolerated such a movement from me. But then, I was not her master. You did not indicate that you had seen, or at any rate that it disturbed you. I decided to let it pass; she must feel lonely there with her back to us for so long.

"Elise," I said.

"Yes, Mistress," she said to me.

The formal address amused me. I was no Mistress! I tried to be calm as I said, "Please turn over. Lie flat on your back, draw up your legs so your knees are bent, feet flat on the floor." She did as I asked in a smooth fluid motion. Again I envied her grace and ease at obeying commands. She did not seem at all awkward with her own exposed body. I wondered if I would ever get to that point. I reached forward then and touched her inner thighs. They were so smooth. Her pussy was exposed. Cleanly shaven and spread for us. I looked at her, again fascinated by this bare woman in front of me. You were near, looking at us both, looking amused.

"My sweet, the whipping. Let us continue." I jumped up, embarrassed that I had allowed myself to get so involved. I stood back, whip in hand.

"I will whip you in this position, Elise." She said nothing, and looked quite placid. I suddenly felt annoyed at this perfect little slave girl. I felt my own power as I raised my arm to continue her discipline. I know she heard the slight whistle as the whip came down on her soft thigh.

"Forty!" she hissed. Ah ha! Some emotion at last. I struck her again, on the other thigh. "Forty one." I let the whip kiss her a number of times on each thigh, a different spot each time. She was sweating and counting, lovely in her confusion as she tried to anticipate the next blow. The final three I delivered to her sweet wet little pussy. She cried out then. I had been gentle but still there must have been a sting. She managed to count them though, in a whisper. The whipping was over. I found all my need to dominate her disappear at that moment. I dropped to my knees and hugged her and caressed her sore body, covering it with tiny kisses.

"You did very well, little Elise. You are very brave." She said nothing but looked instead at you and smiled slightly. You nodded and said, "Yes Elise, you did well. You went to her then and removed the clamps from her breasts. You did not kiss or soothe them as you always did for me. I knew they must have been literally aching for such a gentle touch. But she did not indicate any discomfort. "And now I need your help with my little slave," you said to her with a smile. I did not like the sound of this. But you had not asked my opinion.

"My beloved lacks the control you have exhibited. Perhaps your example has been of some service to her. We shall see." And to me, "Beloved, on your knees, assume the same position that Elise was in and prepare for a whipping." I did so, my face aflame at your remarks to this slave girl! How dare you tell her that I lacked control? I was furious and felt my ire rising. But I was determined to prove you wrong. She stood then behind me.

"Give her 15, Elise. As you like."

I was suddenly afraid. Surely she still felt the sting from the lashing I had given her. And even though I was fairly easy on her, I had no such faith that she would behave likewise. Suddenly I felt her strong hand pressing on my

neck. "Head down further, Slave!" she said to me in a loud voice, all meekness gone now. I felt thoroughly humiliated but tried to press my head further into the carpet. I said to myself then, remember that she is but an extension of your darling master. She does not exist, except as his tool. Please her and you will be pleasing him. I steeled myself then for the lash. Oh! It was not at all gentle. The first one landed on my ass. I moaned very low, trying so hard to be quiet and maintain my decorum as she had.

"Count, Slave!" she yelled into my ear. Suddenly I did not like this woman. "We will start again. And let us hear you! Show some respect to your master!" Again the lash, on precisely the same spot as before. It felt like a knife cutting my delicate flesh.

"One!" I said, trying not to scream it. She delivered several more to my ass and thighs. They were all harsh blows, much harder than you had ever whipped me. I managed to count, even as tears were spilling over my cheeks. Only five to go.

"Turn over now!" Elise said. I was breathing hard and found it difficult to move. I felt her foot on my side as she prodded me. I flushed then, angered anew at her impertinence. This gave me the strength to turn over and I lay as I had instructed her to lay, legs bent, pussy exposed. I felt almost defiant as I lay there. She towered over me then. I closed my eyes and waited. I heard the whistle and was ready for the blow to my thigh, ready to say "eleven" in a firm voice. But the whip did not strike my leg; it lashed my poor spread pussy! I forgot all about counting as I cried out and grabbed myself with my hand, trying to cover the poor stinging flesh.

"Oh, my angel. You have been doing so well. Only a little left to go. Be brave." Your words gave me courage. I re-assumed the position.

"You forgot to count. We will do that one again." Elise said. I sighed but understood. Again the whip kissed my cunt, but more gently this time. Still the sting was painful. "Eleven," I whispered. And again, the lash licked me across my tender pudendum. "Twelve," I managed to gasp. I lay there, hair matted with sweat, almost in tears. But still I managed to maintain the position. I knew I could not handle another strike to my sex. Mercifully she gave the last three rapidly to my thighs. I barely noticed them, still intent on the pain in my pussy. You were both silent for a moment while I gathered myself emotionally.

"Elise," I heard you say. "You are relieved of your duty. Thank you for disciplining my sweet submissive. Now you may kiss her and soothe her." Elise dropped to her knees then and gently touched me with great skill and sweetness. Carefully she removed the clamps and then covered my suddenly aching nipples in sweet tender kisses. I had never felt a woman's touch. It was so gentle. Different from a man's, from yours, but not displeasing. I felt myself opening to her caress. You sat beside me then, and kissed me sweet and hard on the mouth. At the same time I felt her wet little tongue lick my thigh and inch up to my sex. I was shy of this and tried to close my legs. As you continued to kiss my mouth and face, your hands found my thighs and you gently but firmly held them open to her kiss. I relinquished all control then and gave myself to your delicious attentions. She kissed me sweetly and intensely until I was near swooning. You then moved down and she fell away. I felt your lovely hardness as you slipped in and made perfect love to me, sending me over the edge

of bliss. I arched into you and kissed your neck as you spurted your sweet seed into me.

You lay still on me, and I revelled in the sweet weight of you pressed across me. Your breathing slowed finally and I felt your heart beat return to normal. At last you rose from me. Elise was sitting on her haunches near us, head bowed.

"Thank you, Elise. You were perfect. Your master will be here very soon. Go have a nice warm bath. You will find your own things there in the bathroom. Wait for him in this soft bed. You may sleep if you wish." You then turned to me and said, "Thank Elise." I did so, and meant it. It was certainly a new experience. We left her then. I felt very unsteady but was determined to walk out of there with grace and strength.

Once outside the door you lifted me up into your arms, and I knew that you knew what it had taken for me to endure all of this.

"You please me beyond all expectation," you murmured into my ear. "I love you."

"You are mine." I sighed and kissed your neck as I snuggled into your arms. I think I must have fallen asleep before we even reached our room. I just remember awakening the next morning, Christmas Day. My sweet present was lying next to me, tousled and beautiful as he lay dreaming.

All pictures by photographer - Lex Paris  
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# DUNCAN GUTTERIDGE

Duncan Gutteridge is, as you can see from this page, a gifted and very talented artist. He can not really be compared with any other artists, as all artists are unique. He also offers keen fetishists the chance to realise their fantasy by drawing it for them. If you would like to commission this artist, you can contact him at: 15 Wokindon Road, Chadwell St.

Mary, Grays Essex, RM16 4QT, England.

Limited edition prints are now available, signed by the artist.



# Fetish Diva: Midori

## exclusive interview

*In every issue we try to interview a "special person". This can be a dominatrix, an artist, a photographer, but every time it is somebody who has had an enormous influence on Secret, its readers and the fetish community. Fetish Diva Midori is that person. This interview was done by email so I was unable to ask any further questions, but I think that you will find this very interesting...*

**Where do you come from, what studies did you do and what are your main interest (non-fetish)? Hobbies...**

I was born in the ancient Japanese capital of Kyoto, and raised in the high-tech city of Tokyo, the daughter of a Japanese professor, and my mother, a German-American (also a professor). I had a very unique multi-cultural upbringing that combined Japanese, German, American, feminism, with a fierce devotion to individuality — a history that brings a distinctive edge to my play. I moved to the states as a teenager, where I attended and graduated from UC Berkeley (Psychology with an emphasis on neurobiology), and then shortly thereafter enlisted in the US Army — later receiving my commission as an Intelligence Officer (Soviet Tactical Intelligence, Japanese Specialty, Airborne Trained, Expert Marksman). Since then I was successful in the corporate world, but turned my back on it to pursue my true passion of S/M. My current hobbies include working out as well as many outdoor sports. I am extremely passionate about shoe shopping and enjoy vintage fashion collecting. I enjoy a spirited discussion with friends after watching good movies (everything from art-house to action flicks). I also love to travel, and have seen the world from St. Petersburg to Tokyo, and from Banff (Canada) to Mexico — and I look forward to discovering many other parts of the world.

What are your personal interest?...like the sports you do...why these physical sports? I'm a thrill-seeker: The vibrant pleasure of living is reinforced everytime I push myself in a physical or mental challenge. I'm very athletic, and routinely enjoy snowboarding, skiing, white-water kayaking, white-water rafting — and am even now considering Eco-adventure racing.

**When I read your text in "The Beauty of Fetish" of Steve Diet Goedde, I get the feeling I have somebody in front of me that is "more" than just "a girl" (don't get me wrong here!) . A girl interested in Fetish. What is "Fetish" for you personally?**

Fetish for me is a visual, tactile, and sensual passion. It's something that triggers my erotic desires, and stirs my imagination. It pleasures my animal soul as well as stimulates my intellectual fancy.

**Having a fetish years ago was having ~~stingekilled~~ "amulet" a belief in an (magical) object in which you could confine your problems, dreams. You seem to disagree?**

I don't agree. What anthropologists speak of as a "fetish" is a religious or spiritual object, something to focus belief on. My discussion is on the contemporary usage of the term, "Fetish", as applied to clinical psychology as well as popular sexual reference. We're talking about two different things here — the term has deviated substantially from its original meaning. The word "fetish" has currently been applied to everything from Zuni amulets to fashion trends, to sexual novelties, to an enthusiast's hobby, and even to sexual dysfunction.

**We all agree that "having a fetish" is ok, but you seem to attack the way our civilization is attacking it as a sort of psychological trauma? Why?**

I don't view all instances of paraphelia as a product of arrested infantile sexual development. I am arguing that



© Lyn Gaza



the popular rise in fetish imagery is a by-product of urbanization, industrialization, and commodification of human sexuality. The desire for the genital has been replaced by a desire for manufactured objects. I believe there are cases of clinical paraphiliacs who are the result of psychological trauma — but it is erroneous to assume that everyone who exhibits even a mild interest in a fetish is a victim of trauma.

***Dear Fetish Diva Midori, how the hell did you get to become one of the most desired, admired Diva's in this fetish world so fast? (don't tell me you don't know?!)***

I am a real woman — not just a two-dimensional visual icon, or a S/M caricature. I bring to all my scenes and performances enthusiasm, intellect, physicality, as well as my beauty. I bridge the gap between many worlds and communities. My charm appeals to both the S/M and fetish worlds as well as the mainstream community.

***What is your personal fetish. What do you prefer most?***  
Shoes and boots, fur, leather, corsets — those are things that come to mind immediately, but there are many other things that can turn me on in the right situation.

***How did you get to meet Steve Diet Goedde...Michael Manning and so on...maybe explain a little bit the scene in your town.?***

With both Steve and Michael I had the pleasure of meeting them through introductions by personal friends. The S/M community in San Francisco, as well as worldwide, provides me with an extended family that allows me to

meet all kinds of talented and exciting people.

***Do you think that "rubber" and fetish have exploded these last few years because of aids? (opinion please..and I don't mean rubber condoms)***

To a certain degree, yes: the second skin of latex provides sensual contact yet denies the animal touch. I also believe that the improved quality of latex and the success of innovative designers such as House of Harlot, So Hip It Hurts — and even Gaultier, and of course the imagery of magazines such as Secret have all added to the greater awareness and popularity of latex.

***Are you afraid your life could end too soon? and is this why you live at 200 km per hour..?***

I thrive by living life to the fullest. I am greedy in gaining pleasure and experiences. I do not wish to waste my time on the vulgar or the mundane.

***Do you think there is a difference between the fetish scene in Europe and US? and if so, what and why?***

Of course different designers provide to different regions, leading to unique styles. I have noticed either greater popularity or availability of leather in the US. I've also found in the US there is a greater influence from cowboys and leathersmen in our fetish styles. On the West Coast we are, of course, influenced by our pan-Pacific heritage. For me, it seems that Europe taps into fashion tradition — everything from Byzantine to the French Court. Europe also has a strong history of elegant balls and costumed festivities — which we lack on this side of the Atlantic. Americans, however, have a legacy of organizations, tribes and cultures from which we draw our archetypal imagery. For example, the military, ethnic costuming, motorcycle gangs, and even a laborers' coveralls.

***What would be your "ultimate dream come true?"***

World travel combining the elegant couture of 19th century — steamer trunks full of exquisite gowns and with all the sherpas and servants to carry them — with a grand spirit of adventure: canoeing down the Amazon, trekking the silk road in the footsteps of Marco Polo, and living among the tribesmen of some exotic rainforest.

FetishDiva Midori's web site is at [www.FetishDiva.com](http://www.FetishDiva.com). Polite correspondence may be directed to the following addresses: e mail: [Midori@FetishDiva.com](mailto:Midori@FetishDiva.com) postal: Midori, P.O.Box 330064, San Francisco CA 94133, USA You may also wish to consider signing up on her e mail mailing list where you can read about her adventures, exploits, travel schedule, media appearances and special personal news. By subscribing to this mailing list you will receive advanced notice on all events. Some of her appearances and events are only announced through this newsletter. To sign up: Send an e-mail to [majordomo@FetishDiva.com](mailto:majordomo@FetishDiva.com) In the text write "subscribe midori-l" and nothing else. (That's the letter L in lower case.) The list is confidential and will not be sold or given to anyone else.

Interview by email done on 20th May 1999 by JB

*J. R. Pochet*



*J. R. Pochet*







*J. R. Pochet*





# NOW, THAT WOULD BE KINKY!

## BY TREVOR JACQUES

*In almost every Secret I have chosen a small chapter from the book: On the Safe Edge. It's not because I'm short of text, it's just that what is stated in the book makes sense. It describes in a normal way how we should live our feelings. It doesn't really say, do this or do that. It makes your mind work, and in the end, we all know that our mind is what makes our fantasies come true....now read on and enjoy.*

### Creativity

Creativity is required to start and maintain a scene. We'd like to think that, other than for information on safety, one of the reasons you're reading this is to get some new ideas for play. Besides, variety is the spice of life....

Yet again, we come back to the mind. Without it, none of those silly, kinky, fun, outrageous ideas would be formulated. It is important to use the objects available. (You'd be quite surprised to find out what you can do with a toothpick.) Creativity for play will come in every category of who, how, when, and where mentioned above. It's one thing to play in the bedroom, but have you considered playing on the dining room table? When used properly, a one-inch piece of coarse string can be devilishly fun.

One of the first places to go when trying to find new toys to play with is the local hardware store. There is a name for the contents of a hardware store when they're used in play: "pervertibles." In the store, you'll find chains, Saran Wrap, rope, brushes of all kinds, gloves of different textures, lumber, etc.. Take the time to investigate your store. We'll bet that you're taken aback by what your mind does, now that it's looking at things differently. Then take a look inside a kitchen store....

Next time you go for a walk in the woods, notice the many different textures available, courtesy of Mother Nature. The location can be pretty fun, too (think of it as environmentally friendly play). Just because you've decided that you're going to have an interrogation scene doesn't mean that it has to be restricted to a police or prison cell. The French Foreign Legion could be a good setting, as could a physician's examining room. We encourage you to let your mind create the scenario and then work on how to enact it. And don't let yourselves get caught in a rut. Master/Slave relationships of all levels can be very fun and satisfying to the participants, but there may come a time that you want to change the arrangement. Maybe because it has become a bit stale, or just for the sake of a change.

Creativity lies mainly in experimenting with ideas and "what if's." So the last idea you had was a dud? Modify it, try another idea, maybe you just weren't in the right mood. Give it a try, chances are you'll have more fun than disappointments.

### Role

Under normal circumstances a person's mood and personality varies from time to time and situation to situation. The same is true for our SM personality. Guy

Baldwin described it as lying somewhere along three scales at any one time. Exactly where on each scale will depend on the person and the circumstances.

Dominant	-	Submissive
Sadistic	-	Masochistic
Aggressive	-	Passive

It is very possible for someone to be a dominant, aggressive masochist. (They're often referred to as "pushy Bottoms.") You might also be a passive, submissive sadist. We're all different and quite unlike the stereotypes that would have us forever pegged completely on the left or right side of these scales. Likewise, you might feel like being a pushy Bottom one day and a passive Top the next. As you forge a relationship with your partner(s), you may want to take a look at your SM personalities to see how they complement each other. Where there are similarities, rather than complements, you may have to work on how you're going to satisfy those needs for both (all) of you. We've found that one of the great things about this process is that we can learn from and teach one another. There's no better way to learn than from someone you trust and whom you know has the required information. If you want to experiment with submission, but were scared to do so, it would be great to learn from someone who has readily submitted to you. You'd have a mentor for your exploration of your SM personality. Likewise, you could learn particular techniques from one another.

Roles and role playing involve needs and meeting them. To do that, frank discussion between partners is a must. The longer the roles are kept, the more discussion and honesty needed.

### Top or Bottom-Who is Which?

This is where the illusion of reality and the reality of the illusion can become a grey area. The trick to making the scene work is to maintain the illusion during the scene that the Top is in control. We say illusion here because the real control rests with the agreement the Top and Bottom made before the scene began. Within the limits of the agreement, the Top is in control and has a responsibility to stay within those limits. The Top should also be wary during the scene that this was a reasonable limit for the Bottom.

During the scene, the Bottom can modify the play to some extent within the agreed limits, but not control it. The control rests with the Top. So, while some would argue

that the Bottom is in control, because it's the Bottom's limits that must be respected, this really isn't the case. The Bottom agreed to limits, and, within those, the Top is in total control. Understanding the real dynamics and roles of a scene will almost certainly help you pull it off successfully.

## Acting Out a Role For a Scene

Assuming the role (deciding that you want to be the role for the duration of the scene or longer), as opposed to acting it out for the duration of the scene and for the benefit of your partner, may be the most effective way to ensure that the scene is a success, but reality should never be allowed to retire from the scene. If you don't feel that you can fully assume the role, then act it out for the duration of the scene and for your partner's enjoyment. If the scene really is not working for you, and you find that you dislike it, then get out of it, or try to modify it as you go. It's very possible that any scene you agreed to start might have a permutation that you will enjoy. If at first you don't succeed....

## Living a Role

There are many permutations of roles in relationships. They may involve when and where, as well as the degree of role play. Some want to live as, say, Master/Mistress and Slave or Dog. Whatever the role, living it will require a substantial commitment, and it is advisable for the definition of the roles to allow for the players to exit from them, at least temporarily. Before you undertake any arrangement whereby you will be living the role, make sure that you have talked about it. A lot. The most successful couples living roles have talked about it thoroughly, over a long period, before committing to this life. If there was little or no frank discussion beforehand, life can be terrible for both players. Your discussions should be held out of role. As with most aspects of SM play, honesty is the essential ingredient to success. Any concealment of facts and/or desires will have to be addressed eventually, so it really is best to get them out before things start. In a way, you will be interviewing each other, maybe even reversing roles a bit to get the information you need. You could start by using something like the questionnaires at the back of this book to see which issues come out of the answers.

Some Tops take complete control of the Bottom's life, handling money, career, day-to-day activities, etc... Others hand over these issues to the Bottom. You'll have to find out which arrangement suits you best. Your arrangement may hold for all occasions, except (maybe) when your natural family or work colleagues are close. You will have to talk about how to handle this before you begin your new life.

A person's needs run deep, many of them coming from education and childhood experiences and pastimes. In the long term, you will have to ensure that these needs are met. For almost everybody, it is impractical to be completely under the Top's control. Besides, your Top may feel like a rest now and then. Interests in, say, music or sport may not be the same for Top and Bottom, so you'll have to find a way for both to satisfy these interests, in or out of role, separately or together.

It is very easy for a Bottom to convince his/herself that he/

she has no needs other than those of the Top. This is unlikely to be the case in fact. In the extreme, it can lead to questions from the Bottom like "Should I wash your car from the front to the back, or back to front, Madam?" Hence, your discussions should include talk of the extent to which the Top will control the activities of the Bottom, and how much judgement the Bottom may be allowed to exercise. Again, these discussions should be held out of role.

There is one issue that may not have to come up in the discussions between Top and Bottom but is, nonetheless, the responsibility of the Top in long term role play. The Top must make provision for his/her incapacity or death. A dependent Bottom could easily go to pieces if the Top were suddenly not present. After all, the Top is only human. Unless provision is made, it could do lasting psychological damage to the Bottom, and the Bottom may take a long time to trust him/herself to a Top again.

One way for the Top to provide for his/her absence is to ensure that there is a network of friends/Tops able and willing to take over and provide the necessary emotional support if an incident occurs to make the Top absent.

From this quick discussion, we hope that you have some idea of the commitment necessary for living a role. It requires talk and care. By talking a lot beforehand, when you're relaxed, you'll leave little to chance.

## Role Reversal

If you're known as a Top, there's no disgrace in being seen as a Bottom. So, if you're inclined to try out being a Bottom for a while, do it. It's what you want to do and enjoy that matters. Others can think of you whatever they like. You're having fun playing.

We have known couples who have been in the Master/Slave roles for years, and then they decided to reverse the roles and become Boy/Daddy. Their friends took a lot of time to adjust, mainly because they had assigned labels to the pair. Our couple, meanwhile, were having fun, but they did spend a little time wondering what all the fuss amongst their friends was about.... Regrettably, even in the SM community there are those who would assign labels and stereotypes. Role reversal can come in other forms. Consider a homosexual man playing an SM scene with a woman. To quote one of the authors: "Now, that would be kinky." He also meant that it might be fun, simply because it was different from anything he's done in the last while. That example is a form of role reversal. If it feels good, what's wrong with a man playing with a woman?

You can see how easy it is to have preconceptions of what "should" or "should not" work. There really aren't any hard and fast rules when it comes to roles. We have to work with ideas and fantasies they can be used for play. Make up your own fantasies and the within them, then enjoy them. Again, it's all in the mind.

This article was taken from the "On the safe edge" a manual for SM play, written by Trevor Jacques. You can order your copy at: WholeSM Publishing Corporation, P.O.Box 75075-329, 20 Bloor Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3T3, Canada.



Torment

I wore my black rubber gloves.  
He came close to me,  
And gave me a little shove.  
I fell on my knees,  
And I said please.

by Bijou Shell



# THE INITIATION OF A SLAVE

## BY FRANCIS BLUE

The brick and adobe buildings sit in the early evening heat of the desert. The Sun, disappearing behind the low buttes to the west, was headed in the direction where I knew my fortune lay. The town I called home for the last two years, Junction City, born by the railroad, hung on to life like a tough old man. Of late, it felt like it was on life support and I was looking to move on. Maybe it was time to follow the Sun and dip my toes in the Pacific Ocean. However, my car was on the critical list with a very small chance of survival. I needed a ride. That night, like every other night, I wandered into Jake's Saloon & Dance Hall. The proprietor, Jake Hollowman, was long dead and the bar was pretty close to meeting the same fate, but they took my credit and Julie, behind the bar, poured it strong.

I saw you perched on a stool at the end of the bar and you took my breath away. Stunning. Fatally beautiful. You are the slutty angel of my dreams. Your short, red dress is tight and doesn't leave much to the imagination. I did a fast inventory of the bar's regulars stationed at their usual tables like the red coats at Buckingham Palace. I pondered the fact that I couldn't recall seeing some of them ever actually move. For a moment, I thought they might be dead. But right now, I had other things to think about.

I nod to Julie as I walk over to the stool next to yours. She pours my usual and puts it down in front of me. I take a good long look, drinking you in with my eyes. Your startling blue eyes, shaded by extra long eyelashes, stare back. Your full breasts, pushed up by your bra, spill wonderfully over the top of your red dress. The short dress ends at the top of your sparking stockings, exposing your garterbelt stays. Your high heeled shoes are nothing but straps with rhinestones. I smile and have Julie freshen your drink.

"Bitch of a day," you comment.  
"To what do we owe the honor of this visit."

You drink and answer, "Broken coolant pump."

"Lucky me."

You smile, "I didn't feel so lucky."

"I bet you feel just fine."

You take another drink, "Are you the entertainment?" I study your full lips, creamy skin, and shimmering hair. You look around the dim bar with its near dead customers, "Is this as lively as it gets?"

I take a slow look around too.

"This is it, honey."

Julie puts two more drinks on the bar.

"Where's your car?"

You play with the cherry from your drink, "Highway 90 Engine and something."

"I know the place. Otto knows his cars. He'll do a good job and only pad the bill seventy percent."

You pop the cherry into your mouth and I watch your full, red lips move. My dick stiffens. You take out the cherry stem, tied into a knot, "Then I'll only be stuck here for one night."

"When you get your car back, where are you headed?"

You sip your drink, "What is this? Twenty fucking questions?"

"Yes. It's my job. I'm the gatekeeper of the west. To continue on, you must answer all my questions."

You open those marvelous lips, but before you can speak, I raise a finger.

"Truthfully and completely."

You shake your head and the smoke clouded lights sparkle on the glittering body powder sprinkled over your fabulous breasts. "I'm headed for L.A." I smile.

You shrug, "I guess this is it for tonight."

"I could provide some entertainment. It would cost you."

You laugh, "What could you possibly do that I would pay for?"

"I could teach you something."

You toss your head and laugh.

"You're looking to get fucked."

That makes you take me seriously. You take a drink, "What makes you think that?"

"The way your dressed. Coming into a place like this.





Under that wonderful perfume, you smell like you're in heat."

You move to slap my face and I grab your wrist.

"I've got what you need."

You look down at my pants.

"It's big, long, thick, and hard."

You lick your full, red lips, relax your arm, and I let it go.

You finish your drink quickly, "How much?"

"Three hundred."

You almost laugh, but hold it back. My hand rests on your leg. Our eyes lock on each other as I run my hand up the smooth stocking. You spread your legs and let me caress higher, closer to your wonderful heat. Your perfume washes over me.

"Yes. You are in heat."

You pick up your small purse and I pay the bar tab with a nod to Julie. I always let her add a nice tip. We walk out of Jake's with my hand around your waist. One of the Old Guard moves. He's heart must still beat. I guide you past the antique reservation desk and the sleeping clerk, to the elevator. It's doors rattle shut as I press the button for the top floor.

You laugh, "Great. The penthouse. Or do we just do it on the roof?" You reach for the bulge in my pants. I push you away roughly.

"Money first."

You press the stop button and the elevator slams to a stop. You snarl, "I never have to pay for it. Not now. Not in this piss hole of a town."

"We made a deal."

You put your hands on your hips, "I'm not paying."

I push you up against the chipped paint on the back wall of the elevator and kiss you hard. I push your dress up,

sliding a finger inside your lace panties. Your dripping wet cunt beckons for my touch. I run my finger through your curly hair and between its juicy lips.

I let you go and flip the elevator back on. I trace my wet finger over my hot, parched lips.

"You won't leave now. It's too wet and ready."

We stare at each other as the elevator grinds to a stop and its doors rattle open. I don't look back as I head for my suite. You'll follow. You're hungry for it.

I hear your heels behind me as you walk down the hall.

Inside my room, I flip on the lights. You stand and look around, "What a dump." The brass bed looks massive and new, but the fuzzy bedspread with its fringe of tassels dates from the nineteen-forties. The furniture is old. A large, wooden cabinet is in one corner. Booze and ice stand ready on a table.

"A decorator did all this. It's very retro."

You laugh at my comment and stroll around the room, taking it all in. On one wall, sliding doors lead to a wooden deck patio built on the roof. On it, old lawn furniture recovers from the blazing sun.

"The money. Now."

You dig into your small purse and pull out three, hundred dollar bills. I take them and put them into the bottom of my sock drawer.

"Okay. Take off your clothes."

You stand watching me, "Not exactly a romantic."

"This is business. You want a fucking and I'll give you the best one you ever had. Now strip."

You undress as the airconditioner bangs and pounds. The little red dress slips off your wonderful body, falling to the floor. You kick off your shoes and open the front clip of your white lace bra. You stare at me as you slowly release your wonderful breasts, revealing their dark, erect nipples.

I open the cabinet to reveal black leather equipment and chains. The lights of the room shine on the cold steel rings, studs, and locks. A soft sigh, almost a gasp, comes from your lips. I take out a pair of ankle restraints.

"Put these on."

You touch your white, lace garterbelt.

"Leave the rest."

You do as you're told. I toss a pair of wrist restraints on the bed and you put them on too. I pull off the throw, revealing clean, cool sheets.

"Lay down."

You center yourself on the bed, as I bring out lengths of heavy chain. Clipping them on the steel rings attached to the black leather restraints, I fasten them to the brass bed. Pulling the chains tight, I force your legs wide and then lock them into place.

I put a pillow under your head, raising it slightly. I undress before you. I stare at your wonderful body bound by my black leather and chains. My cock, excited, grows hard and stiff. My cock pushes at the material of my boxers, fighting to get out, fighting to reveal itself to you.

I take out a knife and cut off your white lace panties. They feel wet. I smell them. Your dark curly mound of hair, hiding your pussy glistens like black velvet in the failing light. I light several candles and turn off the electric lights.

The bed is bathed in a flickering glow, leaving the rest of the room in shadow. I take out more equipment from the cabinet. It is a practiced ritual. I am a master. Chains rattle, you move on the bed, trying to see what I am doing. I move back to the side of the bed. My cock throbs as I brush my hand gently over your pussy. You sigh as my touch excites each individual hair. Your skin is soft and smooth. Your perfume is intoxicating. I step back and

slide down my boxers, revealing my magnificent, rock hard, shaft of meat. It's swollen head glistens with leaking cum. You gasp and murmur words of admiration. I get my shave kit together and set up next to the bed, You pull away, "No, don't shave it."

I pick up a ball gag and fight it in your mouth. I tie its leather straps behind your head. You mumble and fight at the chains.

"You need to be taught the proper role of the slave to the master. When this night is over you will have learned pain, sensual exquisite pain. You will thank me for the pain and punishment I will inflict."

I take a soft rope and pass it under your body. I tie it carefully around and between your fabulous, full breasts. I take a pair of nipple clamps. I rake your dark nipples with my teeth and nip at them. You murmur and fight at the chains. Pulling your tits roughly, I screw the cold steel tight over your soft, dark flesh. I can feel your nipples



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harden as I play with them.

I let you struggle as I make myself a cool drink, tequila over ice. I cut a lime.

"From pain will come pleasure."

The airconditioner makes more noise than cold air and beads of sweat shine on your body. I stand next to the bed and drink. A drop of cum shines on the head of my cock. You stare at my gorgeous swollen meat.

You lay still and I put down the drink. I lather your pussy, working the short, soapy brush over the swollen lips of your cunt. I show you the polished blade of the straight razor. It gleams in the candlelight.

Expertly and slowly, I draw the cold, sharp, steel of the straight razor though the dark, curly hair. I wash the blade in a basin of warm water and continue. I slide a finger inside your cunt, pulling your soft skin smooth. I feel your wetness mix with the lather. I draw the blade over it, scraping your creamy skin clean of hair. I shave your

pussy naked. I slide my finger around inside your cunt pulling your skin as I scrape it with the shiny, sharp blade. I wash your cunt with a warm, soft cloth. Cleaning off the lather and loose hair, I wash your asshole too.

"This is how I want to see you from now on. You will shave, perfume, and clean yourself. All this you will do for my pleasure."

I run the soft cloth between your ass cheeks and gently push it into your asshole, washing it tenderly.

I slowly put my equipment away and enjoy the look of your fully exposed cunt. It's swollen lips look wet and very inviting. I pick up my drink and stand at the side of the bed admiring your pink, naked cunt. I slide a finger inside and play with it. Your legs move as the pleasure radiates and teases your senses. The chains rattle. Bending close to your naked cunt, I lick the salty sweat from your soft stomach and then bite a slice of lime. I sip the cold liquor. Taking an ice cube, I rub it over your nipples pinched in their steel clamps. Making circles around and over your nipples, the ice melts on your hot flesh. I can see your nipples harden with the pleasure. I trace the ice down across your body, letting it finally disappear between the hairless lips of your splendid cunt. You mumble something and I loosen the gag.

"No screaming. It will do no good and it will only upset me."

You lick your lips, "Can I have a drink, too?"

"I am your master. Address me as such if you expect a favor."

"Please. Master, please. May I have a drink too?"

I make you one and hold your head as I help you drink.

"I won't hurt you. There will be some pain but from it there will be fabulous pleasure. I will play your dampened instrument. It will be a symphony of pleasure, an opus of pain."

I take out a black leather collar which has three rows of silvery studs and a steel loop. I've been saving it for someone special. Somehow I knew you would be a very special slave. I buckle it around your neck.

"A gift from your master."

I attach a chain leash.

"Thank you, master."

I anoint your wonderful body with scented oil. My hands gently rub and caress every smooth curve, feeling the silky texture of your skin.

"As I do this for you, you will do this for me."

I caress your wonderful breasts. My oily fingers rub and pinch your nipples. I pull at the clamps. Your nipples stand hard and erect under my urgent rubbing and teasing. I tighten the clamps slightly. You sigh and moan. Closing your eyes, you feel the pain. Your lips open slightly and I lean over, giving you a tender kiss. Moving close, I slide the leaking, glistening head of my cock over your lips. Eagerly, you move your head and take my offered gift between your full, red lips. You lick and suck it. Your tongue works across its head and you rake it with your teeth. I work it in and out, fucking your mouth with my hard, stiff, rod of dripping, hot meat. Pulling it away from your mouth, I slide gently between your legs, nestling close to your warmth. I run my tongue over your naked cunt. I slide my tongue deeper between its wet, hot lips, searching for your center of pleasure. You arch your back and moan as the passion sweeps you into ecstasy. I wrap my arms under your legs, around your hips, and caress your soft, smooth stomach as I feast on your juicy bottom.

I slide my tongue deep into your cunt, lapping up your



sweet nectar. You murmur and sigh. Your body shakes with a powerful orgasm and you gasp loudly. Your essence wets my face and beard. I kiss and suck. I lick and slide my face over your pussy. You pull against the chains, rubbing your cunt against my mouth. You push it hard against my face and I lick and suck deeply. I kneel back and finger fuck your wet, pleasure hole. Your breath changes and your body pulls against the heavy chains as the orgasm crashes and enflames your senses. I finger the nipple clamps, pulling and teasing, and you moan, closing your eyes.

I take a drink and give you some. The cold liquor spills over your breasts and I lick it off. I pour some into your belly button and drink it out. I drip more into your snatch and lick it up.

Your breath quickens, "Mount me. Ride it."

"Don't tell me how to do it, bitch."

Pain mixes with pleasure and you hungrily spit out the words, "Please, master."

"You are my slave. I am your master. The things I have done, I did to teach you pain and pleasure. You will give me your body when I demand it."

You nod.

"You will shave your pussy."

You nod.

"I will be the only one to give you pleasure."

Your voice is soft and quiet, "Yes, master."

I slide between your legs and slam my dripping, hot meat deep into your snatch. Your breath catches and you scream with pleasure. I hold you down and pound your wet slippery cunt with long powerful strokes of my thick rod. You gasp.

"Is that what you want, bitch?"

You can't speak as your breath catches and your body moves with waves of pleasure. Your cunt grabs at my throbbing cock.

"Answer me, slut."

You breathe the answer, "Oh, yes. Yes, master. Give it to me."

I poke it in deep, but I know a slave of mine deserves better than a quick, rough fuck. Such a special slave as you need total fulfillment. I kiss you hard and slow my thrusts. The ecstasy is total and complete. I slam it in deep, burying my hot rod at the center of your pleasure. You feel it throbbing with my passion. I smile and caress your sweat stained face as I slide it out.

You toss your head, "Please, master. I need more pain."

"You've been bad."

You bite your bottom lip, "Yes. Please punish me."

I unlock the chains and pull you off the bed by your leash. The chains, still attached to the restraints, rattle. I roughly pull you to the foot of the bed.

"Kneel."

You kneel before me. Your eyes gaze on my swollen, dripping cock.

"Suck it."

You suck and lick my cock. Your red lips caress my stiff, thick shaft.

"Lick my balls, slut."

You crouch between my legs and lick the sweat and sweet, dripping cum from my balls. I step back and pull you up with the leash. The bedspread is draped over the brass metal frame. I push you down, forcing you over the bedspread, face on the mattress. The nipple clamps dig into your soft, dark circles. I reattach the chains. The ones on your wrists attach to the bed frame half way to the headboard. I spread your legs and attach their chains to the foot of the bed. Your gorgeous ass looks inviting. I take the rough leather whip and dance it across your wonderful, creamy ass. Back and forth, again and again I punish your ass. The whip stings and snaps across your butt. Your ass glows red and you grab at the sheets. I pour some of my cool drink over your ass. It runs over your asshole and down your beautiful legs. I kneel behind you and lick your asshole. I play my tongue around your asshole. I lick and kiss around it. You moan and dig your fingers into the bed covers. I take out a special toy, a string of brightly colored plastic beads. I run some lubricant over them and force two quickly into your asshole. You grunt.

"We're just getting started, slut."

I poke two more inside and push them in with a slippery finger. I fuck your asshole with my finger. You arch your back and try to turn your head. I pull at your leash. You pull at the chains and moan, "Yeah. It's good. Is there more?" I push in the last two beads then pull them out with a twist. You sob and grunt as I slam them back in. You speak over the waves of pain and pleasure, "Yes. Thank you, master."

I pick up the whip and sting your ass with a quick series of sharp blows. I sting your thighs with lighter blows and then finish off your ass again with snapping, stinging blows. You cry in pain and then pleasure as you enjoy the punishment. Dropping the whip on the bed, I push close, nestling my hairy body against the creamy, smooth skin of your ass. I play the wet, slippery head of my swollen cock between the juicy lips of your cunt. It feels wonderful, all hot and wet. You gasp as I force my thick tool in deep.

From behind, my meat slides in very, very deep.

"Do you love it, bitch?"

You breathe the answer, "Yes, master."

"Are you in heat?"

You moan and sob, "Yes. I need it."

"Should I stop now, hore?"

You sob, "No, master." Your voice, soft, "Fuck me as long as you need to. I am your slave. My cunt is just for you." I slam my rock hard meat in and out of your dripping hole. You scream with pleasure and passion. I grab your ass, my fingers digging into the smooth creamy flesh of your hips. I pound your wonderful ass against my hairy body. My rod pokes deep into your soft, wet pleasure center. I grunt with each powerful thrust. I pull at your leash. The black leather collar digs into your neck. Its silver studs gleam in the flickering light. My sweat and cum mix with your cunt juice. I fuck like an animal in heat, pounding away. I grunt with each powerful stroke. Your creamy ass slaps and slams against my body. The beads rammed up your asshole move and pleasure radiates from your ass. My fingers dig into your soft skin. You hang on to the bed, chains rattle and bang as I fuck you in a feverish frenzy. Nipple clamps dig into your breasts. You arch your back, taking me in deeper. You grunt with each of my long, powerful thrusts. You turn your head and look back at me. Ecstasy shines from your eyes as you gasp and sigh. Each thrust heightens your level of pleasure. Our naked, sweat stained bodies, joined in rapture, pound and move with an unbounded hunger.

I quicken my thrusts and you scream with pleasure as your body shakes with an earth shattering orgasm. I gasp and hold my swollen cock buried deep within you. Your cunt grabs at my throbbing meat, milking it. I pause for a



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moment and slide it out. Your body goes limp. You gasp. I take a cool cloth and wipe the sweat from your face. I run it over your wonderful ass. I unhook the chains but leave the beads in your ass and the black restraint cuffs on your wrists and ankles.

"Make me a drink."

I stretch out on the bed, propping myself on a pile of pillows. You make a drink and I enjoy watching you walk with the colored string from the beads hanging from your ass. You hand me the drink. I slide my legs apart.

"Lick it clean, slut."

Reverently, you kneel between my legs. You pull back my foreskin, sucking and licking my slippery, sticky cock. As you lick it clean, you taste my cum, sweat, and the wonderful nectar from your cunt.

"Are you thirsty, bitch?"

You murmur, "Yes, master. Let me drink it. Please."

You suck and lick, kissing up and down my long, rock hard shaft. Your tongue plays with it and your teeth dig into my hot, throbbing meat. You are a very thirsty slut. I feel my cum boil up as passion causes a fabulous orgasm leading to total release.

"Drink it, slut."

My cock becomes a cum fountain and you gulp my hot, richly sweet nectar. Drinking down my precious gift, some drips from the side of your mouth. I smile as I watch you lick the hot, white cum from your red, full lips. You suck again, trying to get every drop of my sticky, pearly white fluid. After you drain me of my hot, rich seed, you lick my cock clean, savoring every precious drop. I watch as you lick your lips. The candlelight flickers across your sweat and cum stained face. Your lips glisten with my sweet, sticky gift, "My master is tasty and sweet."

"You are a fine slave."

You smile, "Thank you, master."

I guide you off the bed and to the sliding doors. I open them and we walk out into the cool desert night air. I recline on one of the lounge chairs. You sit next to me and play with my cock.

You look at me, "May I, master?"

"If it pleases you."

It stiffens under your wonderful touch. You have a fine, wonderful talent. You smile at me, enjoying fully the wonderful effect you have on my tool. You straddle me and ram my rock hard, swollen cock up inside your hot pleasure hole. You settle on it, pushing it up deep inside. I marvel at your hunger. You will be a wonderfully, talented slave. I sit up and reach around your beautiful body, ripping the beads out of your ass. You shutter and gasp. You laugh and smile, settling back on my thick pleasure rod. I lean back and watch you bounce and move, taking your pleasure from my body. I watch your beautiful, naked body move on mine. The night sky, filled with stars, is our canopy. We will travel west together

All pictures by Philippe Pissier







# Christophe Mourthé



Christophe Mourthé

His latest "chef d'oeuvre" is a 2000 calendar of which we can show you some exclusive pictures. The clothing is from Verover, Holland. More information on the calendar.  
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# *Christophe Mourthé*



# *Christophe Mourthé*





# BETTY PAGE

## WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

What she wanted to be first of all was a singer with a big orchestra. Then, like countless girls her age, she wanted to be a Hollywood star. And then, for years and years, she mulishly aimed at a career on Broadway. There may be Good Fairies who would make all three wishes come true, and God in His wisdom may sometimes grant one, but real life mostly fulfils none of them. At least Betty Page ended up not too far from her third goal - just a couple of blocks, to be exact: her New York apartment was only a short walk from Broadway. And she did become a star, even if her dreams never came true. Legend has it that Betty made her Manhattan appearance out of nowhere, fresh from the farm, probably wearing jeans and a checked shirt and with straw in her hair - and next day found herself a pin-up superstar. It's an endearing story. But the fact of the matter is that she came from Nashville, Tennessee, a distinctly urban place to grow up in. When she arrived in New York she was by no means a naive girl still wet behind the ears. A broken marriage already lay behind her, as well as her first fruitless attempts to gain a foothold in showbiz and a brief spell as a high-school teacher.

Betty's real name was Bettie Mae. She was born on 22 April 1923 in downtown Nashville. At high school her love of the stage and her ability to enter wholeheartedly



into what she was doing went far beyond high-school theatre. She did practically everything that could earn her bonuses and credits. And she left school a model pupil. When asked what she wanted to become, she'd say she would like to be a singer with a big orchestra. Next she went to Peabody College, from 1940 to 1944, on a "Daughters of the American Revolution" scholarship. When she had finished her studies, she supposedly tried her hand as an English teacher, but it can have been only a short intermezzo, since in that same year of 1944 she tried to land a contract with one of the big movie companies. In vain. Little is known of that episode, or of the years that followed, during which she apparently moved to San Francisco with her sister, met a man called Bill and married him, moved to Pittsburgh, and separated there, the marriage proving ill-starred. In 1948 Betty went to New York. She wanted to make it on Broadway, and throughout her New York years she never gave up that aim. But the acting courses she took cost money, and soon Betty was working as a model for various "camera clubs". For a fee, the clubs would provide amateur photographers with models, studio

facilities and expert advice. Models found them an attractive source of supplementary income, while the photographers particularly relished the club photo-safaris in the country, when as many as sixty photographers at a time would have the chance to shoot their favourite models in the open air. These glamour shoots were not easy to keep quiet, and from time to time the clubs brushed with the provincial law. On one of these Sunday outings in the '50s, organized by '40s bandleader Cass Carr from Jamaica (who had founded the "Concord Camera Circle"), Betty was on the verge of being arrested along with the entire troupe of fans. One of those fined for causing a public nuisance was the legendary Weegee. Betty made her entry into the world of the pin-ups in the magazines of Robert Harrison, king of the "girlie magazines". Harrison had discovered the market for the bare (or at least scantily clad) facts in the Second World War. With modest starting capital he had produced "Beauty Parade", his first publication. Those who didn't want the under-the-counter products and didn't care for nudist magazines could always rely on Harrison titles such as "Eyeful", "Wink" or "Titter". The cover was always a sizzling pin-up, and inside there would be photo features of girls not exactly overdressed, in comic or grotesque situations - a kind of naughty burlesque. Betty appeared pulling faces, wide-eyed and wearing silly bonnets like the rest. If she had never done any other kind of modelling work she would now be long forgotten. Betty Page the star, Betty Page the legend, was created by two people, brother and sister, whom she met in late 1951: Irving and Paula Klaw. The Klaw's career had begun in the late '30s in a secondhand book store at 209 East 14th Street in Manhattan. They quickly realised that pictures of film stars earned better money than dogeared books and magazines, and they set out to satisfy the demand. Irving placed advertisements in movie magazines, and soon the orders were flooding in from all over the world. Business boomed. They moved to bigger premises, and published their own regular mail-order catalogue, "Movie Star News", as well as the twice-yearly "Cartoon and Model Parade". The Klaw's would supply whatever the customers demanded. But presently it emerged that a sizeable proportion of the clientèle had a lively interest in bondage photos and spanking. It was a demand the Klaw's couldn't satisfy through their Hollywood connections. The story goes that one of these customers, known as "Little John", suggested shooting the photos himself. It soon proved the



perfect idea, and the Klaw's became specialists in fetishist material. There was no shortage of models in New York, and production costs were low. Once Paula (who was in charge of production) had watched the photographers at work for a while, she took to taking the pictures herself. As well as photographs, the Klaw's supplied short films and bondage comics. Stanton, whose drawings now fetch astronomical sums, started out in the expanding Klaw empire. In 1952 Betty Page made her first appearance on the cover of "Cartoon and Model Parade". That year's catalogue did not feature her, but by the following year she had already become the Klaw's top model. Betty would be shown dancing, tied up or with a whip, but always wearing high heels and most of the time a smile - a smile that was neither lewd nor coarse and must surely have

contributed greatly to her success. Though she was now 30, she was "something special". She still had the looks of a trim, pert teenager fresh from the cover of a thriller. She had a fresh, earthy image quite unlike that of other models, and a mischievous way of conveying that she'd seen the naughty sides of life. Plainly she saw the bondage and spanking pictures she did with the Klaw's as a continuation of the clownish pin-up work she'd done for Harrison: she would still stare in wideeyed horror and exaggerate responses for comic effect. But then, what woman could keep a straight face if she was being spanked with a hairbrush? As well as working for the Klaw's (she was notorious for turning up hours late at shoots), Betty was still posing for the camera clubs,

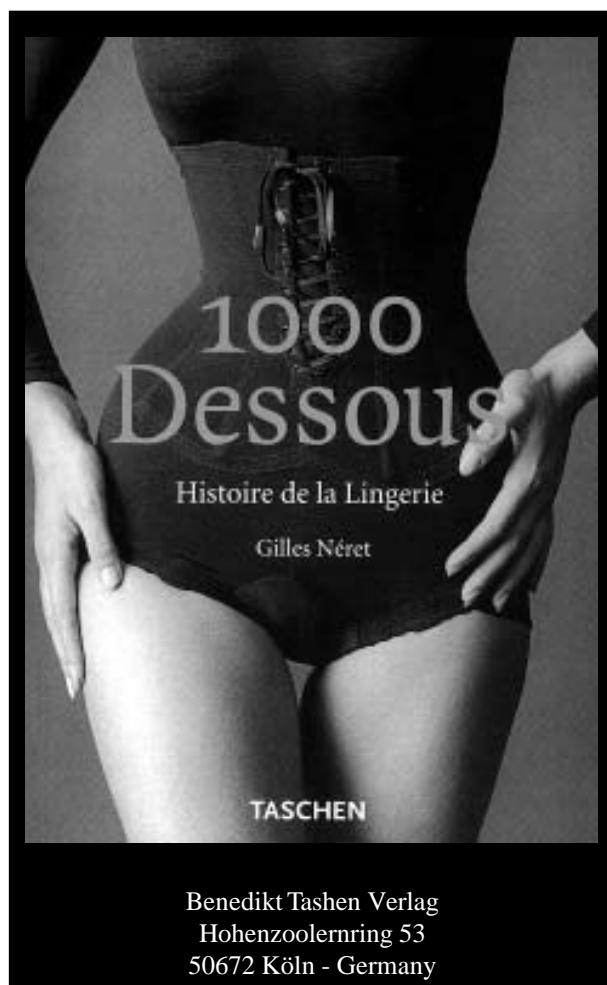
occasionally in the altogether. She was also still taking acting classes, her enthusiasm undiminished. But her only stage appearances were at drama-school events and undemanding Long Island summer theatre productions. Broadway remained out of reach. She did make it onto the cinema screen, though. Inspired by the success of the full-length revue "Strip-o-Rama" (1953), Irving Klaw promptly started his own film company and produced two similar movies, "Varietease" (1954) and "Teaserama" (1955). Betty made appearances in all three films. The '50s also saw Betty from another side that was quite different from the Queen of Bondage in Klaw's sparsely furnished back rooms. In the holidays she would visit her sister in Hollywood, and the local photographers would make good use of the opportunity. Betty the clean-living, sporty girl in a bikini was perfect for postcards. In Florida



she met Bunny Yeager, an ex-model turned photographer who was just starting her new career. Bunny Yeager sent her photos of Betty to "Playboy", and Hugh Hefner responded by making Betty the centrefold girl in the magazine's January 1955 issue. For Irving Klaw, though, who had given Betty's career its decisive turn, the year began rather less auspiciously. The police, post office and FBI had long been keeping an eye on Klaw, but once the Senate began investigating juvenile crime, trouble was heading his way, trouble that a simple call to his lawyer couldn't avert. Senator Estes Kefauver took it as read that not only comics but also the Klaw's "dirt" was responsible for the growing demand for leather jackets and flick-knives. For Klaw, it was the beginning of a tussle with the law that was to last for years. This may have contributed to Betty's decision (in 1957) to part, with thanks, from the Klaw's. Her decision can hardly have improved Klaw's mood. Soon after, Betty Page dropped off the map altogether: the queen of the pin-ups had disappeared without a trace.

Harald Hellmann

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# DEATH ROCK

THOMAS S. ROCHE

He's got some weird obsessions. I suppose I should be even more freaked out than I already am. But after a full year with no nookie, I was prepared to agree to anything, and "anything" is what I got. I don't exactly think it's perverted. But I'm not sure anymore whether it's normal. I was a mournful girl. I spent my months, even years, obsessed with death, just like Loren. I don't think you can grow up anymore without thinking a lot about it. Death screams at you from every TV commercial, from every billboard, from the news, and the alternative's not too appealing anymore, either. And when it's not death, it's sex. I spent my time, age 16, sitting on the floor in my bedroom smoking clove cigarettes and blowing the smoke through the window; listening to the Sisters of Mercy and Bauhaus on headphones at top volume everywhere I went; dying my hair black, painting my face white; even using a dagger to carve a cross between my breasts at one point. I was a deathrocker. I ate little and shat even less. I grew emaciated. I wore deaths'-head rings and dime-store rosaries. I fantasized about being a vampire and sucking the blood of those I slept with. I dated a mortician. But the rings turned my pale skin green; I eventually got hungry; the mortician smelled like embalming fluid. I gave it up, but something remained that made me attracted to Loren, Loren the Depressed Deathrocker, and aroused by him. There was more to it, though: he had a certain creativity, and a passion for loss, that intrigued and fascinated me and touched some deep part of my soul. I fell madly in love with him. After we had lived together for a year, Loren slipped into the depression to end all depressions. Nothing new, I suppose, for either of us, but along with the other symptoms was a distinct loss of, er, libido. I hate to sound selfish, but I thought I would fucking go insane. I tried everything I could come up with on our limited budget—bubble baths, lingerie, porn flicks, even getting the depressed bastard so wasted on ludes that he could hardly say no. But he was unreachable, uninterested; he told me it wasn't me, it wasn't my fault, it wasn't my problem. Bullshit it wasn't my problem! After a solid year of Loren sleeping next to me wrapped in his garments of black, with his boots on, I finally resorted to my last and final weapon. All the sex books say it's what you do if your significant other is not expressing his significance. I asked him what turned him on. Sometimes, you don't want to know.

I suppose it's not the worst perversion imaginable, and at least he's willing to tell me his fantasies. But acting them out can get a bit taxing. It has its erotic value for me, to be sure, but after a while I kind of lost interest. Luckily, the scenario doesn't require me to express much of anything, least of all interest. He prepares my bath and then makes himself scarce while I don the requisite makeup. I disrobe and enter the bath, trying not to make too much noise.

I've gotten used to the sensations by now, and it's really nothing too awful. Except when the ice cubes wedge themselves into unsavory places. I immerse myself until just my face is exposed, so as not to damage the makeup. I breathe through my nose, with my eyes closed. I used to shiver, but eventually I have learned to control it. I suppose it's bad for my heart, but it's integral to Loren's scenario. I stay in the red-tinted ice water just as long as I can stand it, and Loren knows exactly how long I can stand it. When the gong sounds, I grow still. He enters, wearing his garments of black. My eyes are closed at this point, and I do not move. I've gotten very good at remaining absolutely still. Loren kneels beside the tub, touches my blackened eyes, my white cheeks, my blue lips. He strokes my brittle hair. Sometimes he weeps. That creeped me out at first, but I try to ignore it. He lifts me out of the tub, and I remain limp. The heat of his body is not enough to warm me, but it feels very good. He carries me into the bedroom, where the heat from the furnace is intense, and my skin feels that much colder. Organ music blares from the stereo. He sets me on the mat, and lights the candles that surround it. He gently lifts my head and places a rosary around my neck. I lay still as he proceeds. I am always glad to feel the heat of his body and of his desire, excited to feel him inside me. But I do not move. I do not stir, not even an eyelash. I have spent months perfecting that; I find that the more I concentrate on remaining perfectly still, the more fervor Loren expresses. Loren is an excellent lover in these cases, I have to admit, and his knowledge of my body is intimate. He plays me like a cadaver flute. Or more accurately, a harmonica. I remain silent, still, dead, even at the moment of my orgasm.

Sometimes afterwards, he lets me take the lead, and sometimes he responds a little. But the second time is always for my pleasure alone. I thought, at first, that it was a temporary obsession, a weird little quirk that would get him off a few times and restore his interest in me. Instead, I found that his obsession grew, and before long he encouraged me to take some ludes before the bath, so that my consciousness would be even less. That gave the whole experience a nice rosy glow, but overall I really didn't prefer it. But if I left an open, empty pill bottle on the bathroom counter, Loren's arousal seemed to double. The night I left a razor blade, covered with stage blood, on the edge of the tub, he became like a cat in heat. Sure, it's weird. It's fucking bizarre, actually. But like I said, I was getting pretty tired of eating pizza and watching TV while Loren lay on the floor, staring at the ceiling, his rosary clutched in his hand. I'd rather be dead, every couple of days, than have a corpse in the living room. Loren's even started to paint again. Of course, all he paints are corpses and gravestones and the occasional cross. But what the

fuck? There have, I suppose, been worse perversions in the history of humankind.

I scratched my nose, and all hell broke loose. Loren leapt off of me, screaming. "Holy shit!" he said, staring at me as if I was, well, a corpse. He was breathing hard, and not just from exertion. "What are you freaking out about?" I said, instinctively remaining still and moving my eyes to follow him. "I had an itch on my nose!" "You're not supposed to do that!" "It was a hell of an itch!" "Damn! You scared the shit out of me!" "Alright, look, I'm dead, OK? I'm dead. Watch!" I lay still, my eyes open wide, my blue lips slightly parted, my cold flesh still. "No, no, it's not the same. I'll never get back in the mood now." "Hey, this is getting really weird," I said. "I'm getting kind of freaked out here. Are you going to expect me to really commit suicide some day—just to turn you on?" He hesitated, then looked very uncomfortable. "No," he said nervously. "Of course not." "Shit," I said. "I don't think I like that answer." "I can't do it now," he said, defensive, turning away. He waved his hand at me as if I were a piece of moldy bread. "The mood's been spoiled." I got up and reached for my robe. "All right, then. Have it your way. Fuck your sick fantasies. I headed for the kitchen to see if there was any pizza left.

Of course, he outlasted me. I'm cursed with an overactive sex drive, so before a week passed I was back in the bath, and Loren was more interested and more demanding than ever. I worked on my meditation techniques. He worked on his nerves. It went on like that for quite some time, and Loren grew more frightening and more obsessed. I guess after a while, I was able to deal with his obsession more efficiently. I turned it into my obsession. I liked being dead. The closer I was to the big sleep, the more Loren got turned on, and the more I enjoyed myself. I got very good at death. His paintings improved, too. Of course, all he ever painted were corpses and the occasional cross, and graveyards and once, when he was in a very good mood, a ghost. I thought that was a profound sign of progress. It was almost like being 16 again, except neither of us was depressed. I found myself seeking out ways to make Loren's fantasy more realistic. I still had my connections to the old scene, and my friends weren't stupid kids. They were drug connoisseurs. I talked to an old boyfriend of mine, and he turned me on to something that just might do the trick. It was some sort of designer drug used for some obscure purpose, but he was able to get me some. It sounded perfect, and I was sure that Loren would approve. He was coming home late that night, so I drew the bath myself, rose when my flesh was sufficiently cold, lit the candles, set the scene. I took the pills John had "prescribed," and lay on our futon as they took effect. I experienced a strange catatonic pleasure. I was aware, but motionless. I could not feel my heart. My ears began to ring. My eyes remained open, and watered a little.

Loren's shock was astonishing. His weeping seemed real. I would have risen, then, to make sure he was all right, even if it freaked the hell out of him. That, however, was no longer an option. He undressed with a cold kind of reservation. I could just see him out of the corner of my eye. I was scarcely aware of my body. I seemed to be floating. He wept as he touched my cold face and my blue nipples. His mouth was hot, then, and his hands fierce. I could have moaned in pleasure, but that wasn't

an option either. It was as if he'd gone insane with desire. He touched me all over, turned me on my belly, stroked my hair, bit my lips, hard. My orgasm was astonishing but still, I did not, could not, move. Loren lay atop me, weeping, his hot tears running down my face. He teased my tongue out of my mouth and kissed me for a long time. I was frightened. The afterglow of our lovemaking, if you could call it that, had faded; it had given way to a cold, terrified agony. Loren's tears grew warmer. He got out of bed, and got my robe. Slowly, ceremonially, he put my robe onto my limp body and tied it in front. He sighed, kissed me a few more times, and went into the bathroom. He drew a bath. I tried with everything I had, to force myself to move. I could not. I lay still as Loren entered the bathroom. I heard him rummaging through the medicine chest. I heard him splashing lightly as he entered the bath. Oh Jesus Christ, I thought. I tried to force my mouth to move, my lungs to work, my throat to scream, to stop him. I prayed. I hadn't prayed since Catholic school. Oh God, Loren, don't—It must have been the stress that did it. I faded. There were no dreams. I awoke with a grim sort of paralysis, a stiffness in my joints, a crashing headache, a cotton mouth—death had given me the worst hangover in the fucking world. I stumbled off the bed, crawled to the bathroom door, managed to stand. As I moved, my hangover faded a bit. "Oh, Loren," I whispered as I saw him.

I suppose I expected it, from the very first. Oh, fuck it, there's no use in philosophising now. I knelt beside Loren, and looked into his open eyes. His mouth was not, as I expected, twisted in a rictus; his face was not ravaged by fear. He had a strange sort of peace about him. He looked very happy. I felt a rush of love for Loren, for his sick obsessions, for his mournful works of art—including his own death, which he had longed for and possibly, in some twisted way, engineered. I smiled and kissed his cold lips. I looked down at him, at the pale, thin body through the haze of red. I kissed his lips again. And once more. I ran my fingers through his hair, surprised at myself. He was much bigger than me, but he wasn't very heavy. I reached in and lifted him out of the tub, cradling him in my arms. I carried him to bed and laid him down, arranging his limbs just so and brushing back his long black hair. I took his hand and looked down at him for a long time. I kissed him again on the lips, a full kiss this time, a kiss of heat and of desire and of love. I slipped off my robe and let it fall to the floor.

END

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# *Stefan De Lap*





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# Stefan De Lay



The pictures you see here are for our next project: the new Boutique MINUIT shoe catalogue. Stefan De Lay is a talented Belgian photographer and he has agreed to shoot our new shoe catalogue. It's a project that needs time, so we thought you might like these for starters. Copyright Stefan De Lay/ Boutique Minuit  
High heels and class from Boutique Minuit!

# RUBBER SUBMISSION

by Novella Foster

The promise of a summer storm materialised; fat raindrops began to smash into the gravel drive as Kate brought her car to a scrunching halt by the Maastricht Hotel and Conference Centre. The Audi convertible had swallowed up the kilometres from Brussels Airport in less than an hour and Kate was glad there was time to spare before dinner and the start of the three-day seminar the following day. So, this is Maastricht; it's certainly chic, Kate thought as she rushed for the shelter of the hotel lobby with her bags in one hand and her laptop in the other.

Twice she had driven around the one-way traffic system before finding the correct exit for the main bridge across the River Maas and she couldn't help but notice the many shops and boutiques that lined the cobbled streets of the old city centre. Maastricht lay at the southernmost tip of Holland, and the cultural impetus of its large neighbours was plainly evident. German, Belgian, French, as well as Dutch influences, fused together here in Maastricht, and this seemed to Kate aptly illustrated by an unusual shop she'd been able to view briefly through her car window while stationary at traffic lights. It was called Submission and the window displays were filled with exquisite items of lingerie, clothing and erotic toys, totally fashioned in glossy leather and shining rubber. Maybe it was the summer heat and Kate's vivid erotic imagination, but before the lights changed and she was forced to move on, she swore she could smell the strange pungency of the latex and leather wafting along the street through the open shopfront.

Kate had also hurriedly glimpsed a sign written in German above a male mannequin encased in what seemed to be a black rubber bodysuit. Her German was not advanced but she could just make out the words and spoke them aloud to herself in English:

**LIVE OUT YOUR FANTASIES IN OUR NEW COLLECTION OF BIZARRE RUBBER AND HEAVY-DUTY LEATHER FROM BAVARIA. WE PAY GREAT ATTENTION TO FUNCTIONAL EFFICIENCY AND VISUAL IMPACT. THE POWERFUL SENSUAL FEEL AND SMELL OF THE RUBBER AND LEATHER ARE SOMETHING THAT WILL APPEAL TO YOUR SENSE OF THE EROTIC OR IT WON'T.**

The mannequin in the window was kneeling and facing the glass, its strange, inanimate head encased in a rubber hood. There were two pinholes for limited vision, a nose-hole for air, and the mouth was agape. The entire torso was encased in a bodysuit of heavy durable rubber without any noticeable openings. The arms were shackled behind its back and attached to two rigid irons, one just above the elbows and one above the wrists. A third iron kept its legs apart, attached just above the ankles by leather restraints. Kate had barely noticed the traffic lights change,

so engrossed had she become with this strange, kneeling figure. Its posture troubled her: the head thrown back, the limbs tightly secured and bound; she was surprised and a little troubled by her immediate reaction.

'I knew it.' She spoke aloud between clenched teeth as she drove across the bridge towards the darkening sky. Bloody hell! It does appeal to me. It does more than that; it turns me on. Her sex was telling her so; she was wet between the legs, yet not entirely sure why.

I've been living in Amsterdam too long, she told herself; how can a dummy excite me? It's perverted and depraved. Deep inside her psyche, Kate knew that what the dummy represented had to be explored; it was as if she had set aside a part of her sexuality to be fulfilled at a later time. That time, she realised, was imminent. She could wait no longer.

As the rain lashed down outside, Kate picked up her room keys from the front desk, and made for the lift. Her room was on the fourth floor of the hotel complex, and she longed for a soak in a hot bath; she would relax and ease her tension for the vivid memory of the rubber clad mannequin had instilled in her an overwhelming sexual longing.

'Kate, Kate, hello! I didn't expect you here for the seminar. I thought you were still in London, working on the Euro Foods Account, or has the deal been closed?'

Kate turned abruptly; it was Christian and her spirits lifted. 'Christian, hi! How are you? And no, the contract still hasn't been signed. We've still got a hell of a database to reorganise, but I managed to free myself for the weekend. I really need a break, how about you?'

Kate was in two minds concerning Christian. As a colleague, she had worked closely with him over several months in Rotterdam on a massive petroleum account. It had been hard going, her first project in the Netherlands, but Christian's tact, and diplomacy skills, had been invaluable and together they had sealed the multi-million deal.

'I'm fine, Kate, but I'd like to hear your views on this seminar; it's oddly titled, wouldn't you say? The Peopleless Office in the Twenty-First Century; deliberately provocative, I suppose. Why not just call it the "virtual" office? We could have conducted the seminar electronically, as we have in the past!'

Kate was unabashed. 'Well, actually, Christian, I did have some input here. It's a serious topic isn't it? I think we need to stress the human aspect here. It's a sombre thought; offices empty of people and run by high-tech hardware. Where do we go from here? I mean, Christian, how many consultants in this company do you know personally? Have you even met half of them? We fly from one country to another, from one hotel to another, and the

only time we do meet, it's to discuss our own probable elimination. We've lost that sense of common purpose that springs from personal contact; electronic communication is never enough. We . . .' Kate stopped herself from continuing; she'd save it for the seminar. She didn't want to bore Christian, and anyway, he looked tired after the drive from Amsterdam. For a second, Kate scrutinised his features, at the same time admitting to herself what an interesting individual Christian was turning out to be. Sometimes, in the office Kate caught him watching her, this did not displease her but brought her a strange excitement. The man was still an enigma.

'Kate, I tend to agree with you, but that's the game we're in. You have to adapt, find ways of coping; use technology to your advantage. May I?'

Almost absentmindedly, Christian bent down on one knee and pulling out a clean tissue from his jacket pocket proceeded to clean and polish off a smudge from the heel of one of Kate's leather knee boots. He polished the spot vigorously until it disappeared, his hand lingering for seconds upon the supple Italian leather.

Kate was astounded at his behaviour; she decided however, to continue as if nothing had happened.

'Like how? Tell me how you manage; you seem so self-contained. I'm intrigued.'

'I've learnt to be, but it's hardly through choice.' Despite the measured comment, Christian smiled, and the fine lines crinkled around his serious eyes. Kate thought he seemed troubled; his tone lacked its usual sparkle and warmth.

'I'd like to, Kate, but I haven't checked in yet and I've got a pile of e-mails to plough through before dinner, so how about a drink in the bar before we eat?'

Kate was not really concentrating on his words, she perceived only how beautifully his mouth moved; how elegantly he pronounced

the foreign English vowels and how she'd appreciate that vigorous tongue lapping at her sex. Why hadn't she seen his potential before? Her pulse quickened and her juices flowed. It was a strong fantasy: Christian bowed and obeisant like the mannequin in the shop window. Even stronger was the thought of him aroused, sweating and constrained in a hot, rubber second skin, his erect cock straining against the unforgiving durability of quality German latex. Kate shivered involuntary at the intensity of her arousal and answered him quickly:

'Perfect, Christian, see you in an hour, we can catch up on company gossip, and well, I'm dying to find out about your coping strategies once you've checked all that e-mail.' Kate added heavy emphasis to the last phrase; wickedly, she teased Christian for his thoroughness, but

his response was unexpected.

Making no comment and showing no emotion, Christian Van de Most kissed Kate briefly, Dutch style, on both cheeks. She was surprised. The slight intimacy was endearing and promising, but as the tall Dutchman left her by the lift to check in at reception, Kate was more than a little puzzled, because there it was again: that unmistakable aroma of latex and leather. My God, it's Christian! thought a puzzled Kate. The legacy of latex was on his lips as he'd briefly kissed her; not only the smell, but the taste: harsh, metallic and compelling. No, it can't be. I'm tired, I'm hallucinating, it's that dummy in the shop window, it's haunting me. Christian a rubber fetishist?

As Kate entered her room, she realised the idiocy of her prejudice. She wanted Christian whatever his sexual peccadilloes, whatever his secret shame or private turn-on, whatever brought him off she wanted a share, a partnership perhaps.



Too excited to pleasure herself, she sat on the bed and stared out of the window. Christian was right; the view was terrific. The rain whipped up the river and the fierce squall sent the storm clouds scudding over the Gothic spires of Maastricht and deeper into Europe. As Kate fastened the catch on the window, her eye was drawn to the left-hand side of the building. The hotel complex had been constructed in a semicircle, with all rooms facing the river, the conference centre being incorporated behind the main residential block, and as Kate's room lay right at the centre, inadvertently or not, she found herself in the position of a voyeur.

I don't really want this, thought Kate; but then again a flickering screen caught her attention. The light was emanating from one of the rooms to the left of the

building, the computer screen still plainly visible despite the rain. My God, it's Christian, thought a startled Kate. He had either forgotten, or hadn't bothered, to draw the blinds and seemed to be checking his e-mail. Kate watched as the Dutchman stood up to remove his jacket and shirt.

Christian moved from the laptop over to the double bed. He sat down and pulled out a plain black PVC bag from within his weekend case and proceeded with great care to pull out the items one by one and lay them out onto the bed. Kate's curiosity got the better of her, and despite herself, she just had to watch, the fingers of her right hand moving rhythmically between her legs, as her gaze locked hypnotically on to the Dutchman's unusual activities.

Christian's balls tightened and his cock hardened as he sat down on the edge of his bed and reached for the package of new underwear lying half-concealed at the bottom of his weekend case. What delicious torment, he thought, as gently he lifted out each sensuous item from its wrapping of tissue paper, pressed it to his face and breathed in deeply the unique aroma.

The items had been bought by Christian that very day in Maastricht. There were many fetish clothing shops in Amsterdam, but when in the south, this shop was his favourite. Here, he could browse at will. The sales assistants were friendly; not only did they pour him excellent coffee and offer advice on the latest fetish fashion, but he was never made to feel a pariah or too much of a pervert as he tried on the extra-large sizes of rubberised feminine underwear in secure and pleasant surroundings. In fact, Christian found these visits extremely charged erotically, and best of all, he had glimpsed Kate that very afternoon in Maastricht, admiring the same shop-display from inside her car, with an expression on her features close to wonder.

The longline bra was underwired and beautifully engineered in polished, black latex. It was buckled down the back and zipped at the front with steel fastenings reaching to the waist. Each section of the garment had been moulded in grade one rubber and stapled together with tiny, silver studs. It smelt strong and delicious and Christian tried it against his tongue. It really was like a second skin; its properties at rest were smooth, tensile, cold, but when worn incredibly tight against the naked body, it metamorphosed into a warm, insistent and domineering embrace.



Christian really preferred his corsets and garments of restraint to include strong lace fastenings; however, dressing-up alone, which he was often forced to do, excluded the pleasure of being tightly laced and corseted by another. It will come, he told himself time and again, as he manacled himself to the bed with one hand while teasing his cock with the other, or zipped himself up from the inside in a latex body bag, to lie sensually and comfortably cocooned for the night, until the harsh morning light and an early alarm call highlighted his solitary predicament.

Christian conjured up Kate again as, still admiring his new bondage bra with the cut-out nipples, he undressed to reveal a lean, lightly muscled physique. His skin was smooth and pale, the hair on his body shaved, apart from the blond, tightly curled mass that lay between his legs. The Dutchman sighed deeply and noted wryly that his penis always responded to Kate's sexy image, as indeed

it did now. The thick root already hardening from the excitement of unwrapping his new rubber lingerie was growing by the moment, and Christian decided that, with such a hard erection, attempting to get into his leather penis restraint before dinner and his meeting with Kate, would be unwise.

Instead, he returned to the unwrapped bundle of tissue paper on the bed and pulled out a boned and scalloped suspender belt. This was a work of art in itself and had cost Christian the earth. Like the bra, it was moulded in fine quality latex and comprised twelve suspender straps with the clips in shining stainless steel; unlike the bra however, it was laced at the front with strong leather ties. Christian knew from experience that he could manage this alone, and with care, and trembling hands, he fastened it around his waist.

Next, the talc for the rubber stockings; these were always difficult to get into and Christian applied the powder liberally up and down his strong legs with infinite patience, but then, he enjoyed stretching that fine rubber all the way from ankle to upper thigh. Sometimes, when there was time to spare, after waxing his legs to perfection, he would spend up to thirty minutes smoothing out the rubber along his even smoother thighs. Even then he was seldom finished, for the cloud of talc was pretty messy and Christian had to resort to rubber polish in order to buff up the idiosyncratic material.

Finally, he attached the steel clips to the stockings and buckled up the bra from the front before turning it around and using the zip. Then, picking up a pair of long, latex opera gloves, Christian turned them inside out, powdered them with more talc and rolled them on with an air of sensual

satisfaction. He stood up and carefully walked over to the mirror to examine his reflection.

Christian still liked what he saw: a man of thirty years with a good body, certainly a good hard-on, and wearing such beautiful lingerie, yet he felt at a loss. There was an hour before his little tryst with Kate - if you could call it that - but he told himself not to expect too much. He'd lusted after Kate all those months working alongside her in Rotterdam and here she was again. But how could he interest a woman like Kate when all he could offer her was fetishism and perversion?

Christian tottered up and down the room, testing his new heels on the polished wooden floor, all the while thinking of Kate, dear, sexy, English Kate, not as tall as an average Dutch woman, but she would do. Sometimes, she looked so wonderfully severe in her tight, sober business suits, sitting at her desk in studied concentration, her short,



blond hair neatly in place, her thighs pressed together, her knees slightly apart and her heels! Christian really appreciated Kate in her high heels. He loved the clatter they made around the office, and often imagined himself prone beneath the undeniable authority of such dynamic footwear. He wanted to worship not only her shoes but her beautifully shaped legs, her feet too. To be honest, sometimes Christian simply lusted after Kate's fine collection of shoes and the long, leather thigh-boots that she'd been in the habit of wearing during the winter months they had spent in Rotterdam together.

Christian had small feet for a man, but obviously he'd never dared ask Kate for a loan of her footwear; he simply bought his own. To Christian, Kate's entire wardrobe was sublime, and whenever they chanced across one another, or worked together on a project, he would always compliment her on her outfit and ask questions that no man would normally bother with, as to the outfit's origin, its label and most important of all, its size.

These little oddities slipped out, Christian couldn't help it, and he knew that Kate thought him a little strange, but he also hoped, and indeed was sure, that Kate liked him. He had seen her welcoming expression at reception. She liked him, yes, but could she dominate him? Could she share in, and enjoy, his many perversions? Would she let him be her sex slave? Somehow, Christian was sure in his mind that if she said yes, she would never regret it.

Christian surveyed his room quickly; it would do well. He usually found when travelling that four or five star hotels suited his needs the best. The rooms often contained antique furniture and four-poster beds; also, the intricately grooved carpentry on these exquisite pieces was perfect as stout moorings for ropes, belts, chains, in fact anything that came to hand, and that would assist him in his games of autoeroticism and self-bondage.

Christian had planned for such a session that evening: a long, slow arousal, a journey inward. When he was tied up, Christian knew liberation. He needed bondage, and the more humiliating and embarrassing, the better.

The storm over Maastricht was still raging. Periodically, lightning illuminated the sky; light bounced from every reflective surface and Christian seemed to glow with the hard-edged sheen on his rubber lingerie. The steel suspender clips dazzled his eyes. He was beautiful, yes, but he was a TV, alone and without a mistress.

He returned to the bed, his erection subsiding. If only Kate would visit his room, if only he could show her what

pleasure there was to be found in dressing up and indulging in erotic play. Maybe, he thought, maybe if he set everything up for a full bondage session he could entice her in on some pretext and let her discover for herself the pleasures she was missing. So Christian set about his preparations with renewed vigour. Giving his precious cock a rub or two, he dipped again into his weekend case. Here were his treasures collected over several years, all carefully stored in a soft, leather Gladstone bag. With practised care, Christian took out the immediate items of restraint he would need for the long evening ahead.

Kate had stopped watching Christian as soon as her orgasm subsided. It seemed an invasion of his privacy and Kate felt guilty at so doing. Anyway, he'd moved to the other side of the bed, which wasn't easily visible from her vantage point. She still felt strangely excited and not at all put off by Christian's multiple fetishes. So, he was a

TV with a love of women's clothes, be they rubber or otherwise. Somehow, she'd always known the Dutchman was different and it didn't matter at all; in fact, she wanted him more than ever. The pulse between her legs quickened again and she sensed her nipples hardening. There was only one course of action open to her; intuitively, she knew it was right. She'd assist Christian with his bondage.

Resolutely, Kate picked up her laptop and turned it on. She would send Christian an e-mail. Forget the drink at the bar, forget dinner, she'd go straight to his room, why wait any longer? Kate realised her Maastricht weekend was evolving into much more than a three-day seminar. She was in no doubt at all: it was a turning point. Kate typed in the message: *cvandmost@europrobe.com* *Christian, let me help you with your bondage, Kate.* There, it was done, and

Kate's heart was pounding. The return message was not long in arriving:

*ksimmons@europrobe.com. Kate, be my mistress, come when you're ready, room 406. Please wear a business suit, the plainer the better, sheer stockings and your severe, black patent office heels. Your obedient slave, Christian.*

Nervously, and knowing she was at the point of no return, Kate reached Christian's room. The latch was off and she pushed the door in tentatively, not quite sure of the etiquette required in such matters. The sound of Christian's earthy accent greeted her from the double bed. 'Kate, you found me at last. Please sit in that chair, let me look at you.'



Kate realised she'd have to take the lead immediately if this scenario was going to work.

'No, Christian let me look at you. You're the one who needs to be on show, you're the glamorous one. But look, you've only fastened one handcuff to the bed, let me finish it off for you.'

Christian made no reply, but shutting his eyes wriggled his body further up the bed and offered his left wrist to Kate. He was spread-eagled on the four-poster in his rubber lingerie, ankles and one wrist locked securely into padded cuffs, and attached by chains and further locks to the antique bed. Kate looked him over and thought how beautiful he looked and yet how vulnerable. Christian's manhood was firming up quickly in her presence, although Kate had a sneaking suspicion that Christian's handsome erection owed its virility as much to his stimulating cross-dressing activities as to any sensual input from herself.

'Well, Christian, it looks like I have nothing to worry about in that department.' Kate's glance fell between the Dutchman's legs. His penis, although not excessively long, was certainly broad at the base and extremely thick along its entire length. Kate adopted the mantle of sexual dominance easily and, without permission, she felt the weight of his balls in her hand as she judged his apparatus with a searing lust that surprised her. Christian caught the fleeting look and teased her gently.

'You won't be disappointed, Kate, I promise. Transvestites make excellent lovers, we just need different arousal, more foreplay, please don't be nervous.' Kate wasn't; she was incredibly horny. She sat down at last, her tight skirt straining over her ample thighs, her stockings tugging at her suspender buttons, her naked sex aching for a touch. She bent over Christian's body, picked up his right wrist and snapped shut the lock on the handcuff. This she attached to a chain and a further lock which gripped the bed-rail. Now I'll try out my new-found authority, she thought. Already, it was beginning to feel natural. She spoke to Christian in a way she never had before:

'So, Christian, this is what you were getting up to in Rotterdam on those cold winter nights: practising the art of autoeroticism? Always making excuses to get to your room early, always loping off on your own. It won't do anymore.' Kate brushed her fingers across the soft skin of his inner thighs above the line of the rubber stockings, then, lifting her hand, she slapped his strong legs further apart. The contact with his flesh in such a decadent manner compelled her on. She held his penis tightly with one hand, then slapped his hardened balls. Christian

wincing but made no sound.

Kate punished him as she spoke, her breath rasping hard, her tight suit straining at the seams. She untied him, turned him on his stomach, and slapped and spanked his delicious bottom, probing his tightly puckered anus first with one finger then two. She took her time, unbuckling and buckling the suspender straps as she went.

'Christian, slave, listen to me. This has all gone too far. You need taking in hand. I mean, look at this room, it's packed to bursting with fetishistic paraphernalia. You're like the male bower bird, who sits on his nest with his collection of shining treasures, in the hope of attracting the right type of female.' This was true; Christian had strewn all the contents of his bondage bag over the bed and floor in his excitement at Kate's coming. There were

rubber butt plugs in varying colours, scrotum clinchers, a laced cock corset with internal spikes, a ball tamer and separator, rubber hoods of varying style, nipple clamps, bondage belts - the list was endless. Kate picked up the nipple clamps and looked at them closely, as if unsure of their use. They were linked to each other by a chain, and each clamp had a plastic protective cap which could be removed for intensity of arousal. Kate dangled one very close to Christian's face as she leant over him on the bed. She was feeling her way and enjoying herself, but the look in his eyes stopped her short. He wriggled in his restraints and motioned with his head. It was a definite 'no'.

'You disappoint me Christian, you've become soft in your solitude. You need some discipline in your life. You will try the clamps, as part of a new training schedule I shall devise

for you, agreed? Christian nodded, his expression one of fear and excitement as Kate first played with his nipples, tweaking and pinching, then licking and biting. She held out the nipple clamps gingerly and asked him directly: 'What's your pain threshold like?'

Christian moistened his lips and sighed. 'Unfortunately, it's not as high as I'd like, but with your help who knows...' He was stopped short as Kate gritted her teeth, removed the plastic coverings and fixed the clamps to his yielding flesh. Christian stifled a groan, and gave himself up totally to his mistress. The corporal punishment had left its mark. Christian's bottom glowed a rosy pink and he lay stimulated and aroused as the heat of sensual pleasure tempered by the stinging of his nipples grew and diffused throughout his body. Standing up, Kate removed her jacket and skirt. She wore no top but a stunning bra in crimson satin. Underwired, it cosseted her big, solid breasts. Her crimson suspender belt could not compete with



Christian's, but then again she didn't need twelve suspender straps to support latex stockings. The garment clung to her generously curved hips seductively, and in her patent heels, Kate was as tall as Christian, although not quite as broad.

The Dutchman's eyes followed her every movement greedily as she sat astride his body and felt his strong erection nudging at the entrance to her body. Her lips were wet, her vulva swollen, her clitoris hard, pink and pulsing as she bent her head and tasted his penis with the tip of her tongue. It was good, and Kate allowed herself a long hard suck. She lapped and skilfully played her tongue across and under the tiny slit at the head of the glans, until Christian groaned aloud and drops of pearly liquid oozed from the sensitive opening. The crossdresser clenched his fists - it was all he could manage - as Kate rubbed her aching clitoris against the hot rubber of his suspender belt and stockings. Her sex juices oiled and lubricated the latex and she rubbed and wriggled with the sheer intensity of her first rubber high. Reaching behind, she felt for one of the black latex hoods and hoisting up Christian's head gently, she pulled it over his face and neck, reducing Christian the individual to Christian the sex slave. She smoothed the rubber over his face firmly. His vision was restricted but air holes above his nostrils enabled safe respiration. The mouth-opening consisted of a slit with a silver zip. Kate touched herself between the legs, her sex wet, open and slick

'Listen, Christian, I know you can hear me. I'm going to play with you as I speak we've wasted so much time.' Kate moved herself further up his trembling body, licking and kissing the latex as she went. She sat astride the obliterated face with the hot rubber sticking and sliding across her excited sex.

'Lick me, slave, stick your tongue through the rubber slit of the hood'. Christian groaned, and thrust the sensitive organ as far as it would go into the hot, ready flesh between his mistress's legs. Kate moaned with the intense stimulation, then continued speaking despite the awareness of her approaching climax.

'Christian, tonight is for pleasure; tomorrow your training begins.' She pressed her clitoris on his face, and rubbed her soaking sex across the rubber hood until she came violently and had to grasp the bed-rail for fear of crushing the body beneath. Trembling all over and with the strong smell of latex pervading the air she breathed, Kate took a few moments to recover. 'Christian, I have an idea. It's all right, you don't have to answer, just listen.' As she spoke, another lightning flash lit up the room's interior. The silver light bounced off the sparkling rubber and the stainless steel, at the same time filling the room with a dazzling white brilliance.

'You know, you'd look striking under strobe lighting, Christian. Isn't it time you came out as a TV? Have you never been to a fetish club? We'll come out together, mistress and slave. Christian, I realise now, this is what I've been waiting for.' Kate removed the hood; it had served its purpose. With the restriction gone, Christian was able to speak and he did so for minutes. It was a flood.

'Kate, I've never had the courage to come out alone. Once I tried; it was a disaster. I went along to one of the clubs in Amsterdam you mentioned earlier, all dressed in black,

a leather harness across my bare chest I left a loose chain dangling from my bound wrists, a collar around my neck; the only clue to my feminine side being the high heels I stood up in. I was more optimistic in those days, Kate, yet not one passing dominatrix took a fancy to me.'

Kate found that difficult to believe; Christian's body was good to look at, especially when bound, stretched and restricted. 'I stood in those heels for hours, the ache in my feet being rather less than exquisite. So yes, Kate, let's do it, let's come out together, but why not here? Amsterdam is not the only place. Maastricht may not be as liberated as Amsterdam, but here the perversity is narrower and runs much deeper.'

Kate nodded in agreement, then smiled generously at her new slave. 'Christian, there's one thing I'd really like you to do for me'

'Just dominate me, Kate, tell me what to do. If that doesn't include orgasm so be it. Remember, I'm the slave and you're the mistress.'

Kate suddenly felt a rush of tenderness for her new TV lover.

'Christian, I'm going to play with you all night until you do come, time and again, but first, I want you to promise me something. Let's say it's a fantasy of mine. You remember the rubber-clad mannequin in Submission? Well-'

Christian grinned broadly, adjusted his bra straps and answered his mistress swiftly:

'I understand, Kate. You know, a good transvestite always attempts to anticipate the needs of his mistress, so yes, I already own a rubber bodysuit; a very special one with inflatable bust cups; it's hanging in the wardrobe. See for yourself, but have you any idea how long it takes to get into?'

'Hours, I expect,' answered Kate with a smile, 'and there's no time like the present.'

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# My first experience

by Megan Dirsu DuBois

Photos by IFearU2 and Mustang Sally

What the hell am I doing? It is not cool to ask a police officer street directions to a private play party.

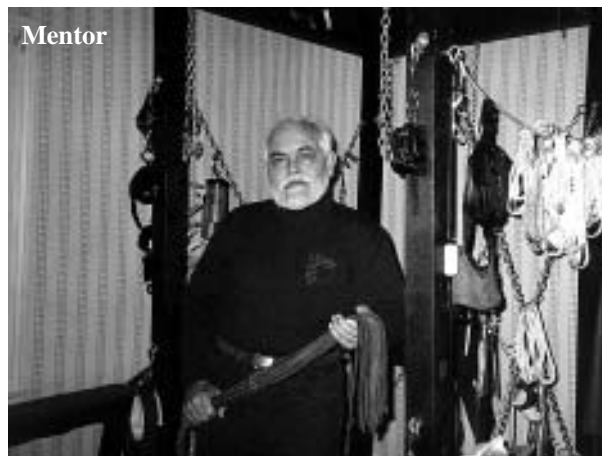
"Two blocks up on the left. That's Albany Street," he said, rolling the cruiser window up. I nodded my thanks and eased on the gas, noticing him pull behind me in traffic. He's not going to follow me? I wondered, feeling alarmed and vaguely suspicious. It was just after 9 pm. and Boston's night-life was waking up. Stopped at a red light, the traffic was confusing, heavily re-routed by cement blocks and detour signs around -- The Big Dig -- the city's major highway construction project. Bright lights splashed out random store windows near a run-down flower shop. Horns sounded mixed with the traffic around me. As I turned left, I glimpsed the cruiser continuing along its way. There was a sense of irritated frustration with myself that accompanied getting lost in the city. It competed with the excitement and urgency I felt about being invited to my first private play party. John Warren, also known as Mentor -- Boston's most notorious dom -- invited me.

Here it is at last. I parked along the deserted inner-city street fumbling in the car with my keys and purse. It didn't look like the safest neighborhood in the city. The doorway was situated in the middle of a gloomy renovated warehouse-style brick block. Next to the doorway was a steel panel with numbers and buttons and a list of names. "Pull on the door after pushing the buzzer. The door will open when the lock is released, but it doesn't make a buzz," stated the directions via email. Waiting, straining on the door handle, I realized it was convenient from the highway. After all, Albany Street runs parallel with Route 93. Still, when the door opened, I breathed a deep sigh of relief and quickly went in.

For the most part it was the typical office building inside. I walked along the hall peering at different doors as I smoothed the wrinkles from my skirt. I was uncomfortable wearing specially purchased thigh-high stockings. I felt naked without pantyhose. How strange it seemed to think of pantyhose as a security item. A thin layer of sheer nothing. The sensation struck me oddly as if I weighed less. Had I forgotten something? Beneath my clothes I wore a matching lingerie set.

As recent as two years ago, I had never walked into an adult store on my own. I didn't know what the word Fetish was. Now I stood in front of a door with a small sign that read: BDS.

The Boston Dungeon Society was formed in 1994 by John Warren. He started it by reshaping a computer bulletin board system. BDS is a member run, not-for-profit, educational, support and social program for people in the kink community. I took a deep breath to calm the nervous energy running through me. BDS was hosting tonight's party. I had no idea what might or might not occur.



Mentor

"This is -- Mentor -- John Warren," a friend had introduced us in 1997. "This is the guy who has dungeons in his house." My friend whispered loud enough for me to hear. There was a tone of fear and awe in my friend's voice. Mentor smiled warmly. His eyes immediately caught mine. His eyes sparkled with a gleam that brought to mind an impression of malicious delight. A slight shiver danced through me. A man in his fifties, he had the gray hair and beard which so often gives a man an attractive,

distinguished style. He seemed pleasant, relaxed, even low key. I noticed deep scars cut into the back of his hands as he took my hand and kissed it.

"The pleasure is all mine," said Mentor. Wow! It may be an old line, but the effect was immediate. I adore gallantry. Later in the day, my friend explained Mentor's scars. "He was captured and tortured by the Khymer Rouge. They used hot knives on him."

Days later that thought stayed with me. Something about it churned inside me. Surely, this man is a hero to have survived that ordeal. For some reason, I could fathom a hero pursuing a life of gregarious pleasure. Under those circumstances it seemed reasonably normal -- natural even. But wait? What was I thinking? Does this mean that pleasure is something "off limits" to the average person? I began to challenge my thinking.

Pleasure. The word seemed to evoke what? Something bad, wrong, insidious; something generally frowned

upon? What was I reacting to? Was this judgment based on childhood conditioning? Religious dogma? Did it have anything to do with my own fantasies? I decided to learn more. I bought an issue of Secret magazine along with the book: Safe, Sane, Consensual and Fun, written by John Warren. The reading was incredibly erotic. I had imagined, but never ah, thought in real-life that uh... never mind. I wanted to learn more about the Fetish Scene. And I wanted to learn more about John Warren, a.k.a. Mentor.

Walking into the room that night I was greeted by a group of four or five people casually stood talking next to a desk. The man seated there asked for my name then checked it against the guest list. I smiled politely, hanging my coat on a rack near the door. At first, I didn't know what to do with myself, who to stand next to, what to say or talk about. There was an uncomfortable awkwardness that kept me standing off shy and isolated by myself. Inside the large room there were two long tables covered with snack foods, vegetable trays with dip, crackers, fruit, cookies, a punch bowl, and plenty of soda and plastic cups. In the center of the room there was a large variety of "play furniture." Inexperienced, I had to ask what each item was. There was a large animal cage, a whipping post, spanking horse, padded horizontal table, a sling hanging down from the ceiling, along with a large St. Andrews Cross. At the back of the room was a sectioned - off smoking area for those so inclined.

I had my eye on the smoking area and had just begun to walk over to it when Mentor spotted me. He came towards me with open arms to give me a much needed hug. I sighed with relief with my arms wrapped around him. I was filled with a fearful nervous energy being hyper - self - conscious. Others were checking me over, up and down, making silent judgments about me, as surely as I was doing the same by them. A slender young man in his mid-20s with a blond wig and stylish lavender chiffon dress introduced himself/herself. A tall, attractive woman dressed in a black corset with pierced nipples and stiletto heels carried a tray of drinks. Astounded, I didn't know how to respond to seeing her. I was startled and awed by her appearance. Her pierced nipples were visually stunning, nearly eye-level to my face, but when she caught me looking I blushed three shades of vital red. It was the same color I wore on my face the afternoon I spoke with Mentor at his house. There were a hundred questions I wanted to ask, and he graciously agreed to meet.

Originally from Boston, Mentor has been playing for 34 years, before there was any cohesive community, before AIDS and the emphasis on safety. His casual and relaxed nature helped put me at ease, although I was all

embarrassed giggles and nervous laughter when he told me about, "forced-orgasm" scenes. Mentor enjoys ripping the clothes off women chasing the locus of sensation.... I felt breathless and heady with the implication that a woman might have upwards of five or six orgasms. Wow! Where the hell have I been? I wondered, half out-loud. Mentor laughed good-naturedly. He told me some of his experiences as a member of New York's Eulenspiegel Society and the earlier, rougher and more anonymous play at New York's Hellfire Club. My face paled when he discussed blood sports, strangulation and fire play.

A wave of apprehension filled me at the party as Mentor introduced me to his open-committed partner, a woman named, Libby. She looked me over in what seemed a tolerant manner. I wondered if she viewed me as competition since I was attracted to Mentor, but after a few minutes of talking with her and earning a small

measure of rapport, I realized she was pleasant and friendly. Another couple joined the circle gathered around talking, but in between bits of conversation, my attention wandered. In the center of the room a long-haired brunette was suspended, moaning softly, with her legs spread open.

I stood in awe watching and nearly staggered on my own shoes. It was such a phenomenal turn-on to watch. I was visually dumb-struck. Others in the room took turns using different furniture as I stood wide-eyed soaking it in. I couldn't help getting turned on in such an erotic and stimulating atmosphere. A few minutes later, I watched as Libby lay naked on one of the tables. She moaned loudly responding in

pleasure to Mentor's expertly delivered flogging.

For most of the night I wandered aimlessly watching the night's activities unfold, taking part in brief conversations. It seemed a bewildering environment to me. Instead of denying and repressing their sexuality most were engaged in detailed conversations actively encouraging each other. I was envious of their uninhibited nature. And I found the environment totally liberating in a non-gender specific way. Each individual was in fact equal -- whether or not their preferred sexual position was dominant, submissive or switch.

"I'd um... like to play." I said, as Mentor suddenly appeared in front of me. There was no hiding the grin on my face. I hemmed and hawed, asking what we were going to do. I had already admitted a curiosity for bondage. "Let's just try something," he said, putting his arm around me and drawing me closer. I was thrilled by all the alluring possibilities. He steered me towards a nearby chair,



Mentor & Mustang Sally

indicating to it. "You'll have to undress first," he said, seeming to chuckle. There was a distinct gloat in the tone of his voice. It hit me with precision and I caught my breath. Wow! He's taking command!

I could sense an immediate change of tension in the atmosphere. There was a strong sense of energy moving like a special fuel between us. My heart beat faster. I went to the chair and fumbled with my clothes. I was uncomfortable getting undressed in public. I was afraid my body wasn't attractive enough, afraid my deodorant wasn't working, afraid my sex was too strong. Mentor stood nearby watching with a gleam in his eye. "Can I leave these on?" I asked, with embarrassment referring to my bottoms. He shrugged his shoulders in a manner that seemed to express indulgence with someone new.

Topless and cold with my nipples pointed erect, Mentor led me across the room positioning me with my back against the whipping post. He took my arms and pulled them tight behind my back, restraining my wrists. I jiggled my arms a couple of times just to feel the weight of it. Mentor stood in front of me. Although neither of us said a word, I'm certain our eyes were talking up a hurricane. I remembered a comment Mentor made earlier. "You've had those fantasies for a long time, haven't you? It can happen." He said. He stroked his beard looking at me then briefly lingered kissing me on the lips.

I felt a delicious chill of adrenaline or energy or plain excitement surging through my body. Two men stepped closer to watch as I self-consciously sucked in my abdomen. I turned away from them feeling embarrassed just about the same time that Mentor stepped close to me and said: "close your eyes."

Suddenly there was a loud horrendous ripping noise. The sound echoed filling the room. It seemed to draw everyone's attention. It startled me and I opened my eyes wondering what was going on. At first, I noticed four or five people stood watching. Then I saw Mentor step around in front of me. He held a large roll of clear plastic wrap. I couldn't believe it. I was being shrink-wrapped! Mentor walked around me in circles pulling the plastic from the roll, making the ripping noise seem even louder and more noticeable. I felt awkward and uncomfortable as he did this. Mentor covered me with wrap from my shoulders to my knees, pinning me to the post. Even my breasts were squished flat.

I tried to close my eyes and take a few deep breaths to relax, but Mentor stood in front of me holding up a knife. He smiled, holding it just in front of my eyes. I'm not sure if I heard or sensed a few, oh's and ah's from those nearby. By now it seemed like half the room was watching us. And although I can't explain why, I didn't feel afraid. Mentor kissed me on the lips, kissed me on the neck and some on the shoulders as I softly giggled squirming in wrap. Slowly, he traced the blade along my body making circles with it around each breast and nipple. For a moment everything seemed to move in slow-motion. I tried to concentrate on the sensations but I felt distracted. Mentor traced the blade down along my belly and inner thighs. He said something to me, but I couldn't hear him. Abruptly, he pinched at the wrap near my left nipple cutting a small opening into it with the knife. He did the same to my right nipple, exposing them both, then cut an opening between

my legs.

It was difficult to remain standing. I closed my eyes leaning heavily against the post. At some point Mentor must have put the knife down. His hands were playing with my nipples, gently massaging and squeezing them. His hand went between my legs. He simply pulled the crotch of my panties out of his way searching for my clit. When he found it, he rubbed it back and forth as I squirmed even more in the wrap. A soft moan escaped my lips as his fingers explored me. It seemed like I was just starting to get warmed into it when Mentor stepped away. I felt a moments tension stood there all alone. Not wanting to face anyone, I opened my eyes peeking, and saw a full circle of paired legs stood nearby watching. My face flushed. I never expected this much attention. After a long minute, Mentor was back in front of me. He held something large in his hands. I had no idea what it was. I was frightened this time. Then I heard the steady loud whir of it, realizing it was some industrial-size rotating vibrator. Mentor pressed it between my legs as I melted into the deep buzzing in my cunt. Thrashing with intensity, I felt the wrap around both my arms rip free.

I was flush-colored pink from my head to my feet when Mentor dramatically cut the remaining wrap with the knife and released my arms from the restraints. He picked me up and carried me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, gently putting me down beside a chair. Another sexy guest at the party offered me a warm home-made cape to cover up and snuggle with as I slowly regained my senses. Her husband stood nearby smiling, as did Mentor.

Wow! Now that I can understand and accept some of the field of fetish possibilities... I'm going to sleep with a fanciful grin and visions of the future. I get turned on wondering who will bring out the rope and deliver the first smack on my ass. From now on, I'm dressing for sex!

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Jürgen Boedt

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# - REQUESTED - BONDAGE -

## BY

### JG-LEATHERS

I'd arrived in Phoenix a couple of days before and enjoyed an outstanding welcome by my hostess and dear friend Teresa. We'd done some playing already; an 'over-nighter' with me bound and chained for the entire night; but I definitely wanted us to do a 'full control' session. I hoped that she would take me to places I'd only had small glimpses of until this point of my life, and, being the wonderful person that she is, and having become familiar with the equipment that I like to play with and in, during past visits, she was kind enough to assent to my request that she act as my 'controller' for the play to come.

I was nervously awake at seven thirty and decided to start setting up the 'playroom', then complete the preparation of all the equipment. Of course, coffee came first and while she still slept, I quietly began.

*These are very intense toys to experiment and play with, especially if one is helplessly bound, blinded and gagged within a gas mask*

First, I arranged the chains to the suspension back-board. This is a four inch by four inch, four foot long section of finished wood with multiple eye bolts and rings screwed deeply into its ends and on all sides, except for the surface that my back would rest upon. She'd conceived and made it herself, then integrated it with her suspension arrangements in the 'playroom'. The many overhead attachment points give her a multitude of choices as far as suspension of the 'subject' is concerned and for this occasion her requirement was to use chains, foregoing the heavy springs, and so I took my time to centre everything and ensure that all of the connecting links were firmly and securely attached to their rings in both the ceiling and on the back-board itself.

Once this had been taken care of, I ran all the electrical connections that needed to be made for the vacuum pumps, the three TENS units, and the video camera. This was a relatively straight forward part and soon completed. Next, came the vacuum hoses and they also only took only a short time to hook up. Now, I began to run and test the

individual TENS connections. This portion took some minor fiddling to complete properly and although I've set them up on many occasions in the past, this time I wanted to make sure that everything was absolutely perfect for her. She'd know which part of me, her 'experimental subject', she was affecting. I labelled each channel on each TENS unit appropriately:

TENS-A :Channel 1 - penile sheath and brass catheter electrode.

:Channel 2 - nostril electrodes

TENS-B :Channel 1 - butt plug electrodes

:Channel 2 - both breast electrodes

TENS-C :Channel 1 - the earlobe electrodes

:Channel 2 - abdominal electrodes.

After some minor difficulties, all of the connections functioned as they should. Even though I'd experienced this type of play before, I couldn't help the small shudders of nervousness I felt at soon surrendering control of these devices, allowing her to have an utterly free hand with them, and me, for as long and as fiercely as she wished.

These are very intense toys to experiment and play with, especially if one is helplessly bound, blinded and gagged within a gas mask; unable to hear, chained helplessly, and suspended in mid-air. I trust Teresa implicitly, and despite her streak of determined sadism, I intended to enjoy her manipulations of my senses with every fibre of courage I could muster. I'd requested that she take full and unfettered control, insisting that she be as capricious as she wished. She would keep me as her prisoner for as long as she felt the urge to, and at whatever levels of 'stimulation' she desired; but her common sense had immediately come to the fore.

"Do you know just what kind of freedom you're permitting me?" she asked quietly.

I knew what I'd given. "Teresa you have the freedom to do with me as and what you like." I replied.

She nodded solemnly, accepting her role and responsibilities.

It was now close to 10:00 am and so I prepared some tea then took it into her bedroom where she still snoozed quietly, snuggled in her nest of pillows under the light coverings. I suppose she was nearly awake already for she cracked an eye open, then slowly uncurled and sat up. She was happy to get her tea delivered to her in bed, and



after we'd sat and talked for a while, she eventually slipped out to the bathroom. It wasn't long before I heard the shower start, then the happy noises of her splashing in the tub. I soon joined her and we both thoroughly enjoyed soaping each other and rinsing off. It is an intimate and powerfully sensuous experience to wash, hold, and caress each other and I enjoyed the full time.

Teresa is a small breakfast eater and so we dawdled over more coffee and tea for another half hour, then cleaned up the mess in the kitchen. My time was coming closer and I began to fidget nervously with anticipation and some worry of what was going to happen during the next hours. She finally took me out of suspense.

"Don't you think it's time to start getting yourself into the equipment?" she inquired with a crooked eyebrow, indicating that I was not to hold off any longer.

"I guess I should." I acknowledged, then turned and walked somewhat nervously to the playroom.

*"Don't you think it's time to start getting yourself into the equipment?"*

Inside, I quickly disrobed, then stared at the arrayed harness and other devices that were soon to ensnare and penetrate my body so thoroughly and intimately.

"Better get at it!" she insisted from behind.

I silently complied; walking over to the equipment that I would wear for this session. The first was a pair of lace-up thigh boots, and after I'd slipped my legs into their cool lengths, she fastened them onto me, ensuring that the lacing slits from the toes to the top of the thigh were closed tightly all the way up. The boots compressed my legs thoroughly, making my knee joint almost totally rigid. To add to the ambience, and her desire for security, as soon as she was satisfied that the boots were properly fitted, she locked a pair of brightly-chromed shackles tightly around my ankles, these joined by a short hobble chain, and in turn locked to another, longer chain that was locked to a ring in the ceiling. Now, I was unable to escape from the room and being restrained in the Discipline Harness.

"Put on your Waist Cinch." she commanded quietly.

I slipped the wide, formed piece around my middle, and she immediately pulled it in.

"Suck in more." she murmured, kneeling beside me and gasping the two tightening straps firmly. The Cinch shrank another two inches in circumference. In seconds she'd secured these fastenings, then fitted the large marine-type snap hooks through their staples, locking the garment tightly around my compressed waist.

The next five minutes were spent connecting the boot's gartering straps to the Cinch in a complex network that

both kept the boots tightly stretched up my legs and acted to subtly and continually restrict the movements of my legs. "Give me your right hand." she commanded.

I slowly raised and held it out. She quickly drew a shoulder length leather glove over my hand and up my arm, and on top of that, another thick rubber glove, then placed two compressible balls in my palm.

"Squeeze them hard and keep your palm cupped. You know why."

I followed her directions and she slipped a thickly-padded bondage/isolation mitt over my doubly gloved hand then pulled it into place, working the narrow wrist portion slowly over my rubbered and leathered knuckle joints. My hand and fingers disappeared into the ubiquitous little black leather bag. Inside, there was still some small amount of room to move my fingers; but as they tired from the effort of gripping the sponge rubber balls, my grip slowly loosened and they resumed their original size. In so doing, they spread my fingers apart, isolating them and my thumb even more than they already were by the doubled and restricting gloves. Teresa folded the velcro-lined flap closed, then buckled the two inch wide over-strap very tightly around my wrist. I stared down at the chromed clevis pin while she slipped a small lock through its hole, then snapped it closed.

There was no way that I could remove it from my hand now. Even with the keys gripped in my teeth and my arm unchained, it would be very difficult to accomplish. I knew that she was not going to leave the key laying around anywhere that I could get at it, and too that she would keep my hands fastened behind or above me. In any case, their chains wouldn't be of sufficient length to allow my mitts anywhere near my face. Without doubt she would soon gag me then fit me with the gas mask/helmet combination, sealed onto my face and over my head by means of a locked collar. At that point I would be entirely unable to make any sound, and there would be no possible way for me to get at the securements of my hands or any other part of my Harness.

The gloving and mitting process of my other hand was completed without words, then she grasped my wrists and jerked them behind my back, locking their cuff rings to the central back ring of my Cinch to keep them out of her way, and prevent me from obstructing her fitting of the remainder of my Discipline Harness.

"Let's get the electrodes onto your nipples now."

These were two, four centimetre diameter, electro-conductive rubber discs that I'd prepared earlier in the morning. She coated their skin contact surfaces with an electrolytic gel, then taped them securely to my chest, directly over my rampant and sensitive nipples. The cool slick gel felt strange when she plastered them in place and the special tape she used was very sticky and wouldn't come unglued because of perspiration. I felt immensely more vulnerable as soon as she'd completed this portion of my preparation; leaving the short connection wires from the electrodes swinging from my chest with my every movement, waiting.

"I'm going to put your 'Tube on now, so hold still." she instructed quietly. I shivered violently.

For any male, this piece of Discipline Equipment is a fearsome apparatus. The Penile Tube is a twelve inch long, one-and-a-quarter-inch inside diameter, copper-lined, vacuum appliance. From its removable end cap, a one quarter inch diameter, brass rod projects rigidly down the centre-line, right to the end that rests against the lower abdomen. The normal male reaction to fear or cold is for the penis to retract to almost no presence at all; but the length of the brass 'sound' bypasses this reaction, due to its length, and when any amount of vacuum is applied to the 'Tube, there is no avoidance of the its deeper and deeper insertion into the male organ contained within the vacuum tube! The impaled flesh will be sucked further into the confinement and the brass rod will continue to enter the wearer's body whether he likes it or not! The Penile Tube/brass 'sound' device, in combination with any amount of vacuum, ensures that there is no possible way of the wearer escaping the insertion process, no matter how much the penis shrinks back in reaction or terror.

She had already ensured that the 'Tube and the brass rod were washed clean and sterilized, then lubricated both the inner copper electrode surface and the brass rod with the slick, electrolytic gel. My gloved hands clenched anxiously within their restricting mittens while she positioned the crotch strap on the front of my lower belly and threaded the straps loosely through their buckles. Then, she gently handled and fitted my erect member into the 'tube. The open end at its tip had yet to be sealed, and so seconds

*I heard a small rattle as the rod hit the tubes casing, then she knelt before me. For a second or two I heard nothing then with a gasp of sensation I felt the bluntly curved tip of the brass sound touch the head of my penis!*

later, I was ready to be fitted with the brass, Penile sound. Teresa picked up the Penile Tube's end cap and held it up before me. It's twelve inch long, thick, golden diameter was ribbed with the electrolytic gel, glittering in the light, then holding the end cap firmly in her surgeon-like fingers, she lowered it then slowly moved it towards the waiting, open vacuum tube that imprisoned my straining manhood. I heard a small rattle as the rod hit the tubes casing, then she knelt before me. For a second or two I heard nothing then with a gasp of sensation I felt the bluntly curved tip of the brass sound touch the head of my penis! For a moment she teased me, making it quest at the tip of my manhood, then, very slowly she inserted it into the tip of my straining organ and it began to transfix my urethra! She recognized that this had occurred when I gasped and

paled, shifting nervously on my boots before her, from the small discomfort of it's entry. I unconsciously jerked my chained hands against their locks with reaction, even though it wasn't painful; but I knew that it was there, and going deeper and deeper into my fear-reduced member with every passing micro-second! My erection collapsed then and I could feel my flesh start to withdraw down the cool copper lining; but she continued to slowly press the end cap of the vacuum tube closer and closer to the opened end, keeping the sound firmly inserted into me, and getting deeper! Even when I'd become as fully retracted as was physically possible, this design that I'd so carefully crafted, worked perfectly and now that the emplacement procedure had begun, it was impossible to remain unaffected by it. I'd have to suffer its presence, no matter what it did to me!

The erecting mechanism of the male physiology is a somewhat mystical process, and in many cases, beyond conscious control. Despite my anxiety, the arousal I felt soon again translated itself into a growing semi-rigidity inside the 'tube. I could feel myself lengthening involuntarily, uncomfortably and ever deeper into the 'Tube and the sensation of the brass rod slowly being inserted into my maleness was in some ways a horrifying experience; yet in others quite arousing. I couldn't avoid it no matter how much I wanted to, for my reaction was as automatic as breathing! The pulsating vacuum that would soon be applied would easily overcome any flaccidity or unwilling lack of extension on my part.

She continued to press it slowly towards my quaking belly. I gasped and writhed even more while she proceeded so deliberately with this intimate fitting. Teresa knew full well what was happening inside the 'Tube from my reactions; but chained as helplessly as I was; leashed to my ring, she knew that she had carte blanche, for there was no hope of me escaping her ministrations. At last, the cap slipped over the end of the imprisoning and isolating tube and she sealed it in place. Now, I was fully skewered, with everything fully seated tightly against my body! "Time for the Butt Plug." she stated brusquely. "Bend over!"

Slowly, I bent forward, pulling my chained wrists and mittened hands against their confinement to the steel ring on the Cinch at the small of my back, making a clattering of links in automatic protest; but there was, again, to be no escape. She slowly thrust the one inch thick, six inch long, brass shaft fully into me and, being already lubricated with the electrolytic gel, it slid easily inside. I felt it seat deeply into place with a gasp and at first, it was uncomfortably noticeable; but the sensation and awareness of its presence quickly disappeared, believe it or not.

Now, she pulled the crotch strap back, through my quivering thighs, then up between my buttocks, pulling them apart so that the strap would snug firmly between them. At the front of my lower belly, the vacuum tube sank against the skin of my shaven crotch, while at the same time between my buttocks, the crotch strap pressed more firmly onto the end cap of the Butt Plug, driving its

brazen length far up inside my bowel! She began to tighten all of the Crotch Piece securing straps. First came the central ones at the front and back and the two devices capturing me slid into a firm and inescapable contact. Next came the other two at the front, making the crotch strap press deeply into my lower belly, and finally the two straps that went under my nether cheeks. These she tightened firmly, pulling them very tight so that my cheeks were held vulnerably available in quivering, waiting globes of twitching flesh. When she'd finished, my entire lower body was thoroughly webbed in the harness. She was insistent that my preparation continue and I shuddered from the intimate devices I already had been fitted with and the ever increasing restriction.

"OK. Now it's time to put the Breast Cups and the Shoulder Harness on you," she murmured quietly.

The heavy harness piece settled onto my shoulders. The already lubricated bases and ring electrodes of the rigid breast cups were cool and slippery, then she carefully lifted them away from my chest and connected their inside contact wires to my dangling nipple wires. She freed my wrists, one at a time, temporarily, and began the intricate process of fastening the upper body harness in place. First, she pulled in the over-the-shoulder straps. This had the effect of positioning the breast cups at the correct height on my chest, then next, came the body straps. When these wide bands were adjusted, they clamped my ribs firmly and held the cups tightly against my chest. I could already feel a nervous sweat breaking out inside them, then the side securing straps were pulled deeply up into my armpits, fed back around to the front of the Cinch and diagonally downwards, and clipped to rings at its front. These pulled the shoulder harness and cups even more firmly into contact and acted to join the two harnesses together.

Now, Teresa began to integrate the shoulder harness to the Waist Cinch. There are three straps at the front and three more at the back: centre straps and positioning ones on either side. Within two minutes my entire torso was completely restricted in the web of leather. The rigid cups formed twinned, air-tight, sealed enclosures over my breasts, while below, my penis was now deeply, untouchably, and firmly skewered inside its rigid tube. I could touch none of these erogenous zones and shivered repeatedly with the knowledge that they would soon be subjected to prolonged, intense, and excruciating periods of vacuum and electrical stimulation.

"Time for your gag," she stated implacably, picking up the evil mouth-filler that would almost completely stifle my pleadings and screams from inside the enveloping mask/helmet.

As soon as it was locked into my mouth I'd be quieted to the point that no one outside the room, never mind the house, would be able to hear my reactions to her 'testing'. Teresa would be able to push me to limits that she would define, not me. The thick mouth pad had no discernable taste and as soon as I'd accepted it, she pulled its securing strap tight, forcing me to bite down firmly, unable to eject or move it. I grunted from the discomfort of her

intentionally too-tight fastening, staring wide-eyed at her and shaking my head, trying to protest her adjustment; but it did no good at all! She just grinned evilly at me and went over to the table for the next pieces. These were small plugs and slipped easily into my ears. She slowly rotated each, forcing them inwards until they almost touched my eardrums and all noise seemed to disappear. I could still hear her, barely, if she spoke loudly enough.

Now came two additions that I didn't really know what to expect from. She reached up and carefully fastened

*She walked back to the table and I trembled with increasing agitation when she picked up the heavy gas mask/helmet combination and came slowly back to me.*

electrodes to each side of my tension-flared nostrils, with small, screw-down, earring clips. They would not come off, no matter how much I contorted my face and nose. She fed their wires over my ears; their connecting plug dangling down over the back of my Shoulder Harness.

"Hold still!"

Two more of the screw-down ear clips sank deeply into the soft flesh of my earlobes and I whined into my gag when she tightened them more than was necessary to keep them attached. The wires and connector for this set of contacts also hung down my back, waiting to be hooked up. I shivered with tension, knowing that the moment of truth was drawing nearer and nearer.

"OK!" she grinned enthusiastically at me standing there, her silenced, chained, and waiting 'experimental' subject. "Now to get you into your air mask and helmet."

She walked back to the table and I trembled with increasing agitation when she picked up the heavy gas mask/helmet combination and came slowly back to me. I couldn't help but stare with fear at this piece of equipment. Its large eye-ports had been blacked out with thick rubber panels, and, once it enveloped my head, I'd be totally isolated from the outer world. She would control my life from that point onwards. Its inner mask, the one that would cover my nose and mouth, stuck outwards within the face-piece and it too would clamp tightly and uncomfortably.

"Lift your chin!" she commanded peremptorily.

I shook my head slightly against the stricture of the tight gag strap, wanting, now, to forestall the application of this utterly depersonalizing and totally controlling apparatus. She was having none of it though.

"Do as I say," she snapped. "or I'll start your discipline immediately!"

Second thought made me want to put off what was going to happen for as long as possible; but I slowly raised my face to her. She quickly pulled the tight rubber helmet portion up, then back over my head. The inner mask began to press uncomfortably, sealing itself against my face inside, then it kept getting tighter and tighter while she worked

the wrinkles out of the thick rubber encasement. The helmet was a trifle too small for my head and so she carefully tugged on its sides, pulling them slowly back towards the zipper that ran from the crown of the skull to the bottom of the long tube at the nape of my neck. This tightened the face-piece even more uncomfortably, and I shook my head slightly in futile protest. She was having none of this behaviour and gave me a stinging slap on my strap-framed and vulnerably presented buttocks, to remind me just who was in control of the situation. A second later, she slowly drew the helmet's zipper closed and I couldn't stifle the gasp of apprehension that was forced around my gag-pad when the thick rubber skin sealed itself onto my head. There was a brief, painful tugging on my earlobes and nostrils when their wires were clamped into my skin by the stretched rubber, and my neck felt as though it was encased in a slightly yielding, commanding, thick outer covering when the zipper clicked closed, then locked.

Within, all I could see was a depthless blackness and I began to sweat as the heat built up. A moment later, I was forced to lift my chin when she clamped the one and one half inch wide, stainless steel collar around my throat, over the already tight neck-tube of the helmet. She locked it, then quickly attached a chain to its back leashing ring. The collar was made even more a part of my head's bondage when she positioned a set of ear-defenders on my skull and proceeded to thread the securing straps through the front and back leash rings of the collar.

*She'd intentionally and cruelly  
tightened them far more than was  
necessary*

Virtually all sound disappeared when these straps tightened. I was deaf now, as well as blind! The mask/helmet combination was locked onto my head and over my face without a hope of removal, unless she wished it to come off.

Again, I jerked my cramped arms against my wrist bondage, my gloved fingers scrabbling uselessly inside their double-layered, padded leather mitts; but she wanted me to remain still and tugged sharply on the chain to the back of my neck. She didn't hear the moan of discomfort I made when it jerked a my throat and didn't care anyway. Teresa wanted obedience, and she fully intended to enforce her requirements regardless of my feelings, sensations, or protests.

She left me for some moments to stew in my own juices while she went for a cigarette and another cup of tea. Before leaving though, she shortened my collar leash almost to nothing, leaving me only a very small amount of slack chain after she'd locked it to a ceiling ring. For me, the next minutes of waiting for something to happen were an eternity of fear; but I had to stand there, waiting helplessly, able to mince only a couple of painful paces in

any direction, a captive, also, of my tightly-gartered and restricting high-heeled boots. The ankle cuffs hurt when I tried to walk! She'd intentionally and cruelly tightened them far more than was necessary to restrict my locomotion, and there was nothing I could do to ease their bite. I could only take a step and a half, feeling their harsh constriction of my Achilles tendons and the thinly padded skin of my ankles before the sturdy chain to my collar brought me to a choking halt. If I stumbled or tripped on my hobble chain, I'd be left there twisting and strangling, chained helplessly at its end!

She wanted me to know how intense my situation was. The collar leash tightened with a sudden snap every time I reached it's pitifully small length, almost choking me from the jerking pressure on my throat, even with just my inadvertent tugging at it. At one point I nearly lost my balance in the formless blackness that enfolded me, almost panicking while I tried desperately to remain standing. I shook my head as much as the collar and helmet allowed, trying to ease the pressure of the intimate inner mask, and shake the things screwed onto my nostrils and earlobes loose; but my efforts were of no use. Then, beginning to panic, I tried to call out to her for reassurance, only to feel the gag-pad slip deeper and more irrevocably into my mouth! By now I was starting to become thoroughly scared, beginning to understand how deeply under her control I was, or so I thought, at this point. I'd asked her to do this and it was obvious that it was far too late to back out.

She returned long minutes later - it felt like a hundred years to me - to find me still isolated and chained securely, swaying blindly there in the middle of the Playroom, questing desperately for her presence. She remained standing quietly in the doorway for some additional moments, watching my agitation build itself higher and higher then eventually came close to me. The next thing that I was aware of was the easing of the tension on my collar chain, although I still remained her securely leashed prisoner. The only difference was the length of my tether.

A moment later there was some movement at my waist then she quickly locked each of my wrists to the short temporary chains she'd just attached to the side rings of the Cinch. She freed my right hand from its back ring, then my other hand was similarly released a moment later. My upper arm was gripped and she quickly encircled it above the elbow joint with a narrow steel cuff, then tightened it severely. Teresa repeated the action on my other arm, and it was likewise made captive! I tried to pull them apart, only to find that a short chain now joined them behind my back, threaded through the rings on my shoulder harness and so I stood anxiously, both my wrists and elbows severely cuffed and chained; totally helpless, waiting.

END OF PART ONE

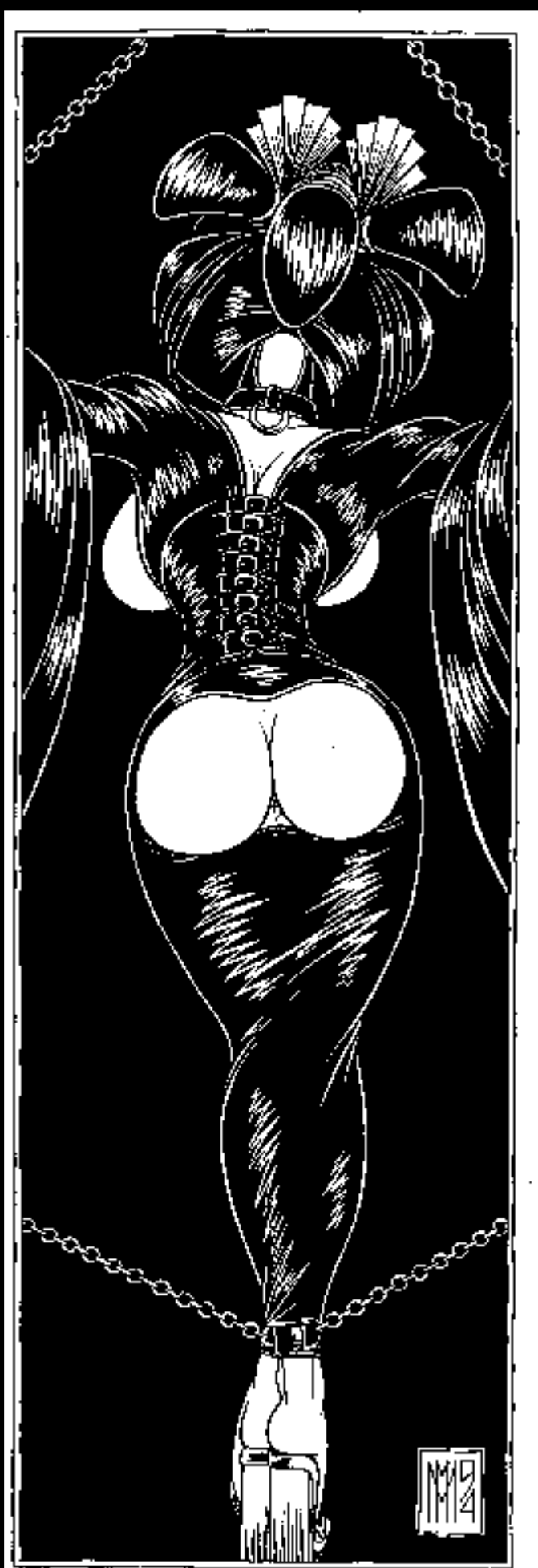
# Michael Manning

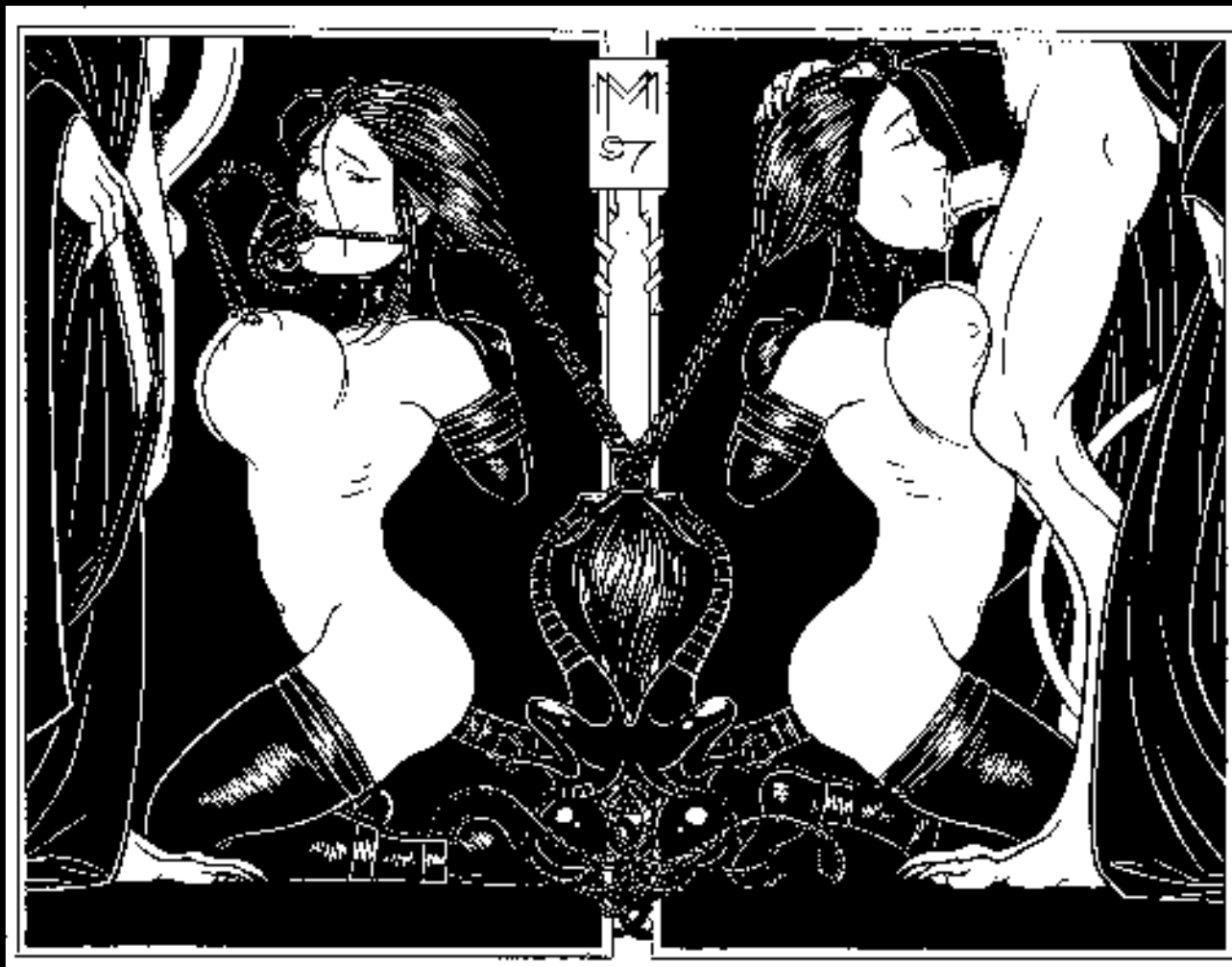












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# RUBBERIELLA - PART 2

BY REMY CHEVALIER

Another Day, Another Scar.  
It's 3 AM, Do You Know Where Your Children Are.

The "Bouncing Lady" stops short of the harbor buoy. The ship lays idle on the moonlit sea. The rubber king pulls a cell phone from his vest, dials a number, punches a few keys and waits. In the distance the limo racing down the peer blows up, spewing wild pieces of metal and glass towards his men.

Zora barely has time to jump out as she noticed the phone light go ballistic. She rolled around on the asphalt and falls on the deck below. A young boy, sporting a big grin of satisfaction and surprise, stands over her as she checks herself for burns and bruises. Not everyday a bleeding comic book fantasy lands in his lap outside his cyber dreams. "Need help?" - "Isn't it past your bed time?" - "You woke me up!" - "Got a boat?" - "Daddy's boat. Got the keys right here" as he waves them over her face like a carrot to a donkey. "Aren't you a bit young for me, kid?" - "Need help or don't you?" - "See that big boat out there? That's where I need to go."

"Step this way" he assures her, grabbing her hand and starts to run. They duck bullets showered over them and hop into a speedboat the Aga Khan would envy. At the single turn of a key the 800 hp engines roar in a wake smashing against the docks. "Got a wetsuit?" - "In the cabin, it belongs to dad's girlfriend, should fit." He says waving curls with his hand. "You deserve a spanking!" - "Promise?" - "Sick kid" she murmurs.

She peels the left over rubber from her battered body and slips on the O'Neil glovesuit. "Get close, I'll dive from the back and swim around. You make circles in the water and attract lots of attention like the rotten spoiled brat you are!" - "No problem, it's date then, OK?" - "Yeah, if I live through this". She disappears into the darkness. He gets closer and starts acting like a curiosity seeker looking for some action. A security guard shouts for him to get lost or he'll shoot, then fires over his head, giving Zora just enough time to climb the hull and spring on him. "Go home" she yells "your fun's over."

She dives into the galley and takes the other guard by surprise, breaks his neck and pokes an eye out for good measure, and the slimy sensation of oozing bodily fluids dripping from her finger. The rubber king catches her from

behind and clocks her lights out with an erotic bronze statue of two vestal virgins, each stroking the erect penis of a Greek Centaur. He takes a close look to make sure he didn't break off anything and puts his prize possession back on the mantle.

Zora woke up with a strange tingling sensation between her legs. She laid naked on a cold steel slab with alligator clamps grasping her nipples and wires stretching to dials and digital readouts. The woman who had bathed her in latex awhile before was monitoring a computer screen. "Back for more?" Zora did not reply. "My name is Asia, you are extremely beautiful." She ran her hand in Zora's hair. "He likes you. That's why you are still alive. He wants to play some more."

Asia toyed with the controls and a sensation of pleasure erupted in her belly, spreading through her whole body, making her forget the pain. Rushes of hormones flooded her spine and sweat flowed from her skin. "What are you doing to me?" - "Sending carefully crafted bioelectromagnetic algorithms to your glands. Just a little more volume and it could kill" - "Why do you work for this monster?" - "He owns my family back in Singapore. He..."



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"Don't get too attached my dear, she is fish food." He had walked in, commanding attention. "You have something that belongs to me." She remembered the bug she left behind and the tape she took from Ymer. "You vaporized it." He pushed Asia aside and turned up the juice. The gentle waves of sensuality changed into burn. Intolerable pain replaced the loving caress. She twisted like bacon on the grill. He pinched the clamps on her breasts and punctured the flesh. He leaned over her face and rammed his hand against her crotch, driving the probe deep inside. She was about to explode from the inside out, like a grenade, splattering guts all over the room.

His body shook and he turned blue, collapsing like a sack of shit on the floor. Asia had knocked him out with a taser gun. "Enough is enough. Come, let me show you" She untied Zora and helped her on her feet, handed her a robe. They walked down a few steps into a dungeon. Two very badly beaten girls were trembling in a cage like animals. "Don't let them out. They've been here a year. They have gone mad. We will take care of them when we can."

Before he could resist, they had their captive tied naked to a chair with duck tape in front of them. Asia crawled on the silk sheets of the master bedroom and kissed Zora's wounds, licking every drop. They got lost into each other, forgetting their torturer. Enemies no more, healing hands and loving touch made up for the master's orders. They forgot about him and eventually fell asleep in each other's arms.

He came to as they slept and methodically wiggled free. This time he wouldn't play cat and mouse. He'd finish them off. He cracked open a secret compartment in the wall, chose a semi-automatic with a silencer and moved in close. He lifted the sheets with the barrel and caressed Zora's leg with the black tip of his gun.

Zora's keen sense of danger revived her. Her took aim. She sprung hopelessly as the shot fired. He missed at close range, but did not pull the trigger again. He had a look of amazement in his eyes. He threw up and fell to his knees in shock. The kid was in the doorway, the rubber band of a harpoon dangling. Asia rubbed her eyes. "What happened?" - "What's your name kid?" - "Orion" - "Aren't your parents going to wonder where you are?" - "I'm adopted" - "How did you..." - "I was watching you through the port hole" - "Come here kid, you can do anything to me. That's what you want, isn't it?" - "Yes mam!" There was little left to corrupt in this child.

The next morning they climbed on deck. They had drifted away from shore. Asia was free. Zora got even. "What now?" - "We're pirates!" - "Pirates of the Virgin Isles" - "Orion, start the engines. Head east." An hour later they saw it in the distance. A huge cruise ship, with dozens of smaller vessels huddled against it. "It's the Bordella" Asia told them "Less than a thousand billionaires control half the world's wealth. This is where half of them come to play and spend their fortune. A girl can stand two months



© Richard Volcane

on board and return to the mainland with enough money to open a beauty parlor or an art gallery. Children just get tossed aside. The ship hasn't moved in five years. We can get close, get on board, until they find my master is dead." - "Long live the master."

Orion dropped anchor near, his speedboat solidly tied to the bow. A small shuttlecraft approached the Bouncing Lady. Asia greeted the welcome wagon. "The master is not feeling well. He will join us later this evening. It will only be the three of us for now. "Oh, a child, such a beautiful child..." the elder woman in a long cape took Orion's cheeks in her palms and was about to give him a kiss. "He's mine." Interrupted Zora. "Oh, I am so sorry, I didn't realize he was accounted for" - "Well, he is, so paws off" Orion grabbed Zora's waist and hugged real hard.

Zora, Asia and Orion had nothing to lose and mischief in mind. A world was opening up to them only the most obscure secret cabals experience. The sea air thrilled their lungs. The master's body sank like a rock to the bottom of the ocean. The caged girls hidden deep in the engine room would have to wait till they return. They had a few hours to actualize their fate before all hell would break loose. The noonday sun was hard on them. It brought to light the perversity of what they were about to unleash on this floating sin city.

SECRET Magazines will publish your fantasy, story, fiction.



# Kurt Veith

**Kurt Veith** started experimenting with metal as a wearable material in the late 80's. His initial intentions were to come up with an alternative clothing medium that would be unique in its design and construction. After experimenting with various combinations of recycled metals, rubber and plastics it became evident that clean futuristic designs can only be convincing if made entirely of metal. Kurt's first designs were not so entirely unique in their conceptual basis but more so in their wide range of sizes and wear-ability. The first designs were metal bras, available in sizes A through DD. Stores would be able to stock sizes that fit everyone. By 1996, he delivered, worldwide, slightly under 750 pieces of the five different model variations that were based on the original classic design. At the same time, armbands, gauntlets and headpieces were being developed to complete the cyber post apocalyptic look and develop a more comprehensive collection. Many of the original items such as **The Peek A Boo** mechanical bra, **the Ultra Violator** headgear, armbands and codpieces are still being produced in their latest and most refined releases. Developing real cool metal fashions that have never been done before and producing them in a way that is also breaking new ground from a technical perspective is what Kurt prides himself in. For example, wherever possible his helmets stay secure with a twist turn knob headband that is integrated within the piece rather than relying on traditional belts and buckles. Also, his armbands and gauntlets stay secure with the appropriate amount of automatically adjusting spring pressure. Finding alternative means by which metal is secured to the body has always been an obsessive quest. Another example of this obsession is the micro adjustable ratchet lever buckles that are implemented on the luxurious posture collars and stainless steel bikinis; a touch of a button and you get a fast and accurate fit. And speaking of accuracy, many of the pieces are made to military specifications simply by the





# Kurt Veith

nature of there manufacture. Everything is produced in a modern machine shop. About ten years ago Kurt began setting one world record after the next in terms of the length and width of his spikes. Never before has anyone made available to the public metal gear with such a wide variety of big nasty spikes. He can make any size he wants at a whim because he is personally cutting them all himself, this also permits him to make slight changes every fifty or so spikes so that all his pieces are even more unique. Kurts spikes are all machined personally on a swiss lathe from solid aluminum stock, this is why his spikes are the lightest, strongest and smoothest made anywhere in the world. Kurts work has appeared in Penthouse magazine, HBOTV, Playboy TV, music video's, Details, Max, The Financial Times, to name just a few.

The accompanying photos are of playmate Laurie Wallace taken by this years award winning erotic photographer **Anneli Adolfsson** at a local factory. These photos show some of the latest works as well as refined classics in a oily industrial setting. New pieces are always being added to the collection, so for a printed copy of all the latest works send \$15 to:

Kurt Veith at 80-62, 162nd st Jamaica, NY 11432 USA.

Tel: 718-380-6861

Credits: Photography: [Anneli Adolfsson.com](http://AnneliAdolfsson.com) Blond in most of the shots: Laurie Wallace  
The man is: Billy Herrington.

*Kurt Feith*







# I'VE MESSED MYSELF AGAIN!

*MY MOMMY; MY WIFE*  
Copyrighted by Larry Lane

I'm not myself today. I won't be myself for the next few days. I am a big, stinky mess named Baby LaLa. Hear that rumble? I've messed again. And I can't hold it back. I am strapped into an adult-sized high chair, a feeding tube secured into my mouth. Three gallon-sized bags of liquified mush are suspended above me, joined together by tubes. I can't use my tongue to stop the march of the mush into my mouth. I've tried. The tube empties its pasty load far too deep inside my mouth. I try not to swallow. But the feeding tube has a blow-up bladder and four adjustable straps - the straps all buckled tightly behind my head, the bladder blown up so much my cheeks feel as if they are going to explode. I have to swallow. Over and over again, even though my belly feels so-o-o full. Oh-h-h-h-h! I think I have to wet again! I am wearing three super-absorbent disposable diapers. The two closest to my skin have a wide circular cutout at the crotch to help distribute my wastes among the layers. All three diapers are soaked. I have been sitting here for three hours now, and I'm on my third set of feeding bags. There's no relief in sight - except to relieve myself where I sit, as I have been doing. A huge pair of pink-and-white polka-dotted vinyl panties is helping to hold everything in. Thank goodness for the wide, tight elastic band that hugs each leg and my waist. But the panties won't help much longer.

With all my experience at such things, I can tell. Baby LaLa is about to leak. But that's not my only worry. I think I'm getting diaper rash. I want to scratch down there so badly. But I can't. And the elastic around my plastic panties is so tight, it itches even more right there. I know the elastic will leave its marks. But I can't stop what's happening. Hear my diapers gurgle? Any movement at all seems to force the remaining air out of my diapers and up to the top of my pretty vinyl panties. I can barely move at all, so the gurgling is kept to a minimum. Too bad. It feels so wonderful when I can move around a lot and feel that mess shift inside. But sh-h-h-h!!! This is my little secret. Don't tell Mommy that I like to squish around, or she'll bind me tighter and take away all my fun. As it is, I am strapped to this high chair at my forehead, neck, shoulders, arms, wrists, waist, knees, and ankles. My butt is wedged into a wide oval opening in the seat - an opening much like the potty chair you had as a child. But this one is wider. My diapered ass pokes through the bottom of the hole, and, as I said, I'm strapped into place. Then there's my little girl wardrobe. I am wearing a lacy pink-and-white polka-dotted cotton training bra - a perfect pattern match with my panties - and matching cotton booties, mittens and bonnet. My hands squirm to break free of those padded, fingerless mittens, but I know its no use. I helped select them and everything else. So I know only Mommy can free me. I also know how nicely the bonnet frames my fettered and gagged face. And I know how silly I look in my little girl's sailor dress. It is way too short to hide my diapers. And since it is clear vinyl with white lace trim, it's easy to spot the training bra underneath. I can see myself in the full-length mirror across the room. That adds to my humiliation. Thank you, Mommy. Oh-h-h-h, noo-o-o-o. I've messed myself again! It's starting to leak out the elastic seals around my legs, and I can hear it slowly dripping onto the vinyl

sheeting spread out on the floor. It won't be long now before Mommy comes. I know from experience. Soon, enough drops will hit the wetness alarm on the sheet to sound the alarm. I just hope the alarm doesn't clang during Mommy's favorite cooking show. That really annoys her. The last time that happened, she came in, shut off my alarm, and huffed: "Three more hours, LaLa! You should really be itchy and squirming after that!" Then she doubled the flow of my feeding tube, blindfolded me, and put nipple clamps on me, right over my bra! That was so much torture, I found myself coming and going at the same time. For now, the only sound is the leaking of my panties. Drip! Drip! Drip! I can hear the pace of the drops increasings. And oh-h-h-h-h, no-o-o-o-o. I've got to mess again! What is it mommy puts in that mush? A stool softener? Now, you're probably saying to yourself that this isn't the typical way for a Type A, 36-year-old computer executive to spend his weekend. Maybe you're right. But my wife Mary - I mean Mommy - made one of her bets with me. The stakes: A weekend in diapers. The wager: her old college would beat my old college in their big game last Friday night. Guess what? My team won. That's right, I won. So I get to sit here, not as Lars Larson, the corporate icon, but as Baby LaLa, the one-year-old pantywaist. I'll be soaking my diapers all weekend long. Of course, I won't spend the whole time in the high chair. We have plenty of toys. And I'm sure Mommy will think of lots of tortures for me to endure. She hates to lose. After all, if she'd won, she'd be sitting here. Drip! Drip! Drip! RI-I-I-I-N-N-G-G-G!!!! There goes the alarm! I can hear Mommy's high heels clattering down the hallway, heading toward me. She's stopped. She's rummaging through one of the closets where we keep our toys. I wonder what she has a mind? Suddenly, she's standing before me, a snarl on her face. She's dressed in a red rubber mini-skirt, so short I can see the white ruffled rubber panties underneath. She's got on a white rubber hood, white rubber gloves, white rubber stockings, and red high-heeled boots. In one hands, she's carrying four cotton diapers and some clear vinyl panties. In the other, she's carrying an amber-colored rubber mask with blinders over the eyes and tubes everywhere: two out of the nose, three out of the mouth. She's also carrying a two-layered, amber-colored, head-to-toe, lace-up body bag. She sniffed the air. it smelled. "Baby LaLa," she snipped, "you'll never grow up. You've peed and pooped and made a big messy. I will release you and change you, but then it's time for something new - I'm going to bundle you up in this outfit and let you experience what it's like to have a Womb With No View."

END OF PART ONE

Secret Magazine  
will publish your stories, fantasies and pictures.  
Send in your text and get to be in one of our next  
issues...



# Submitting

My nipples grow hard  
 I think of your back  
 In-between my legs  
 I can feel my wet lips - coming  
 Pulsating to your heartbeat.  
 A warm stream trickles down my thighs  
 Visions of you bending me over  
 Rip through my mind.  
 The way my hair falls over my face  
 And darkness prevails  
 It creates a safe place  
 To let my erotic images fly free.  
 All at once your fingers press  
 Deep into my sides.  
 Those large warm hands  
 Make me feel so small.  
 I present myself at attention as you pull.  
 My ass touches your sweet masculine skin  
 and swallows that hard tight body.  
 I reach in-between my legs  
 and come out dripping wet.  
 I lick my own fingers.  
 What a river you've created!  
 I imagine what it is like for you  
 Behind me.  
 The position of Dominance overwhelms me.  
 I begin to push up with my arms,  
 keeping my back parallel with your stomach.  
 It intoxicates my soul to feel you on Fire.  
 Pictures race through my head of  
 ropes tied between my wrists and ankles.  
 To submit is a natural aphrodisiac.  
 Aaaaah! Screaming, it's what I've been craving.  
 On top of the world.  
 It's so free here.  
 Feeling your cock rush into me.  
 I hold on to my sensation,  
 and let my legs quiver while falling to the floor,  
 and wait for your pleasure to arrive.





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# Fruit of the Secret God

## Santerineross



*Fruit of the Secret God*

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John Santerineross, one of today's most unique photographers debuts his dark, erotic images in this much-anticipated first monographic book.

*Fruit of the Secret God* is a groundbreaking collection of images from John Santerineross. The hauntingly resonant poetry of Victoria Rimerman accompanies his beautifully provoking images. Also included is an insightful article by respected author of the best

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John Santner incross

# John Santorini cross







*John Santerineross-*

*Born in the Bronx, New York, he was the only child of Greek Hispanic parents. He spent most of his life in the small town of Hoboken, New Jersey, and completed his education with an M.A. from New Jersey City University.*

*He has been a ceramist, a painter, and is now a photographer and a mixed media artist. He uses the medium which best suits the interpretations of his ideas and dreams. He now works in an 1870's historic, 5000 sq. ft. loft in Kearny, New Jersey.*

*"I have always found it incredibly difficult to talk about my work and ideas. I suppose a lot of what I do is instinctual and therefore is not easily translated into words. So I have adopted as my own the words of Anaïs Nin, 'We don't see things as they are, we see things as we are.'"*

*John Santerineross -*

*One of today's most unique photographers debuts his dark, erotic images in this much-anticipated first monographic book, Fruit of the Secret God.*

*"His images may make us uneasy. His statements of vulnerability, isolation, and confinement turn us inward. He beckons us to candidly respond to and converse with parts of ourselves considered outside the realm of polite conversation. He is speaking to the universal, yet highly personal corners of our psyches.*

*Come and see where his vision takes you."*

*Victoria Rimerman-*

*A 23-year-old native of St. Petersburg, Russia now resides in New Jersey while studying for her B.A. in photography at New Jersey City University. She continues to pursue her interest in writing as catharsis while developing her personal style in fine art photography. Victoria feels that human emotion is so multi-faceted that sometimes it can only truly be captured in an image or in the most careful of prose.*

*"Documentation can be the most subtle form of flattery and if executed with creative intention, it can rise to become the most sincere homage."*





*Fruit of the Secret God*

*is a groundbreaking collection of images from one of today's most unique photographers, John Santerineross. The hauntingly resonant poetry of Victoria Rimerman accompanies his beautifully provoking images for which Bethalynne Bajema, a published author and well-known graphic designer, provides a revealing forward. Also included is an insightful article by respected critic and author of the best selling book Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns, Philip Miller. Collected here are thought-provoking images from eight years of work, selected and printed by the artist for this unforgettable monograph.*

**John Santerineross**



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